

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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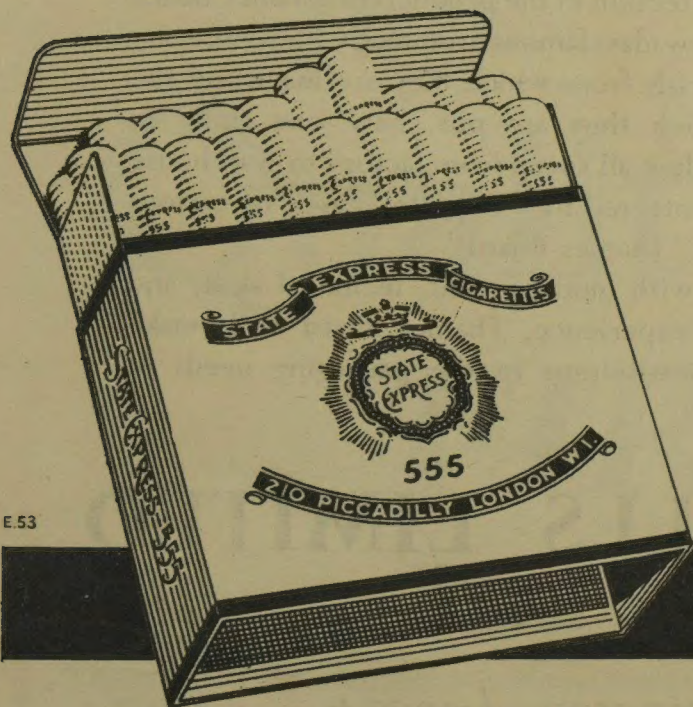




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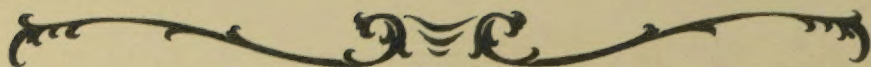


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### Gordon's Stands Supreme

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TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
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## JULY

### *Experiment with Tyme*

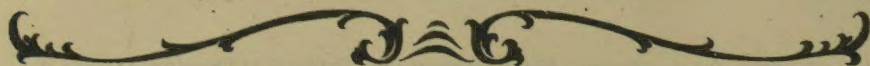
IT IS BUT PIOUS to wonder what our ancestors were like. The local Pageant, which might be expected to satisfy our curiosity in this respect, somehow fails to do so. It leaves us with the impression that our village was much more highly organised and alert in the past than it is today. Look at the way they reacted to the Armada. One moment they were all Morris-dancing on the Recreation Ground. The next, having in some extraordinary manner descried a beacon on a distant hill-top which we could have sworn was rendered by the prevailing Scotch mist completely invisible, a sort of *levee en masse* had taken place and they were all marching off to fight the accursed Spaniards, waving their pikes and swords and making the devil of a row. It is true that they marched north, towards the pavilion, instead of (as we should have expected) south, towards the Channel; but doubtless this was some kind of ruse, dictated by the requirements of security. What we found so remarkable about their conduct in this and other crises (the Civil War, for instance, when they ambushed a Cromwellian foraging party almost before the public address system had had time to explain what was happening) was the speed with which they got things laid on. What has happened to these powers of faultless co-ordination? Why do their descendants make such uphill work of organising a jumble-sale or a whist drive? To such questions the Pageant, that curious experiment with time, fails signally to suggest an answer.



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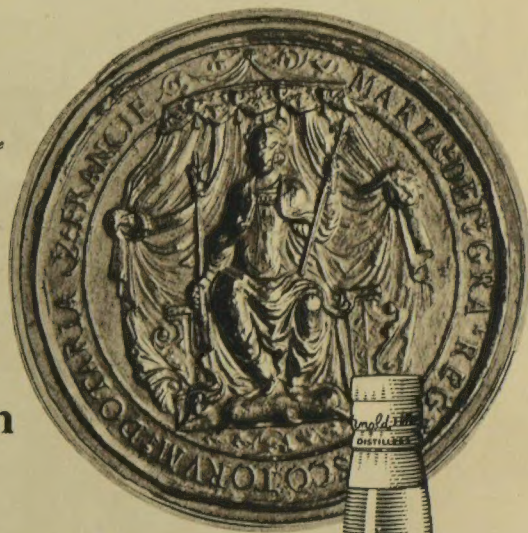
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# BARON TAKES TEA WITH THE HON. MRS. DAVID WOODHOUSE

**T**his happy, informal photograph of the Hon. Mrs. David Woodhouse and her daughters Lavinia, aged twelve and Caroline, nine, was taken at the family's charming 17th century Hertfordshire home, Walkern Old Rectory, by eminent photographer Baron. Mrs. Woodhouse, who is the wife of the Hon. James Allen David Woodhouse, spends much of her time supervising their extensive market garden and the farm which includes a prize herd of Justicetown Jerseys.



**MRS. WOODHOUSE:** I'm so glad you could come early, Baron. We've never had a barbecue before, but you see we're doing it properly—straw to sit on and all!

**BARON:** Well, actually, it's my first barbecue, too, so I'm doubly delighted to be here. Whose idea was it—yours?

**MRS. WOODHOUSE:** No, the girls—Lavinia and Caroline thought it up. They've done all the preparations too . . . worked like mad, haven't you darlings? I must say we all feel like a cup of tea while we're waiting. . . it takes such ages to prepare, this barbecue business. How about you Baron. Would you like a cup?

**BARON:** Me? I'm always ready for a cup of tea. I suspect I drink more tea than anyone else in the country.

**MRS. WOODHOUSE:** Well, I've got a nice surprise for you. The tea we're about to drink is Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I know it's your favourite.

**BARON:** You shouldn't have bothered . . . really . . .

**MRS. WOODHOUSE:** Oh—I'm sorry—we didn't really get it specially for you. Actually we always have it. Awfully fresh and good, isn't it—and so blissfully accessible. Our local grocer stocks it. Milk or lemon?



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1956.



A SYMBOL OF POLISH REVOLT AGAINST COMMUNIST OPPRESSION: POZNAN DEMONSTRATORS RAISING A NATIONAL FLAG, STAINED WITH THE BLOOD OF A DEAD COMRADE, IN THE INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.

Many business-men from the free countries were in Poznan, Western Poland, for the International Trade Fair when a march of angry demonstrators from the Stalin engineering works protesting for higher wages turned into an angry and dangerous riot. Various buildings were attacked, trams overturned and a prison set on fire, the criminals being released. With the arrival of the troops with T.34 tanks, fierce and bloody fighting broke out which was not

finally suppressed until the following morning. Official figures of the casualties gave 48 killed and 270 wounded. Among the slogans shouted were: "We want freedom!", "Down with this phoney Communism!", "Down with the Soviet occupation!", "We demand lower prices and higher wages!", and "Down with dictatorship!" Martial law was proclaimed; and in general by the following day all was quiet.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW days ago one of my daily papers—I take in, as it were, one coloured and one plain—carried on its front page a headline, "Mankind Will Win." This rousing assertion turned out to be a quotation from a speech by ex-President Harry Truman, who shares with Mrs. Bessie Braddock the special corner in my heart which we all keep for public characters who, though personally unknown to us, for some occult reason particularly attract us. Why such dissimilar characters as Mr. Truman and Mrs. Braddock, neither of whom I have ever met or am likely to meet, should make this strong appeal to me, I do not know! It can scarcely be because of their—or my—political opinions, for I am an old-fashioned and unregenerate Tory, while Mr. Truman is an American liberal and Mrs. Braddock a Merseyside socialist. Yet there is something which I can only call Johnsonian about both of them which attracts me immensely; I think it is because what they each of them say comes not only from a very brave heart but from one that understands what human life is about. The means they each advocate to achieve their ends may seem to me mistaken or based on false premises, but I nearly always find myself in agreement with them about the end itself. Perhaps it is merely, as Charles II said about the man whom he made a bishop, that their sort of nonsense suits my sort of nonsense!

Anyway, I liked what Mr. Truman said to his hosts at Oxford. "I have faith in man," he declared, "I believe where the choice is clear, as it is now, we will choose wisely, where there is free discussion and he knows the facts. I have faith in Governments which answer to the people. I have no faith in Governments which answer to no one. . . . The power of destruction in man's hands is absolute—it cannot be entrusted to one man, one party, or one country. In the ultimate it can only safely be entrusted to the control of the people of the world. In that way, the power of the atom will create a world beyond man's dreams—a world of plenty, for all a world of peace, a world in which the potentialities of his nature may be fully realised, in which for the first time in the long, painful struggle, man may become fully man. Either the dream of the ages will now become a reality, or man and all his works will be destroyed. With such a clear choice, can there be any question as to what man will choose? I am sure the right choice will be made."

Having said this, Mr. Truman went on to speak of mankind's longing for a better standard of life and economic security.

We must declare in a new Magna Carta, a new Declaration of Independence that economic well-being and security, health and education, decent living standards, are among our inalienable rights. If we are wise we will not limit the benefits of our democratic abundant way of life to ourselves. The whole world knows how well we live. In Africa, and Indonesia, in the Far East and Near East, along the Equator and in the islands of the Pacific, there has been a great awakening. The people no longer want to live as their ancestors lived. They have moved into our century and they want to live as we do. They are determined to enjoy the benefits that we know now, in their lifetimes, in this year, this decade, this generation.

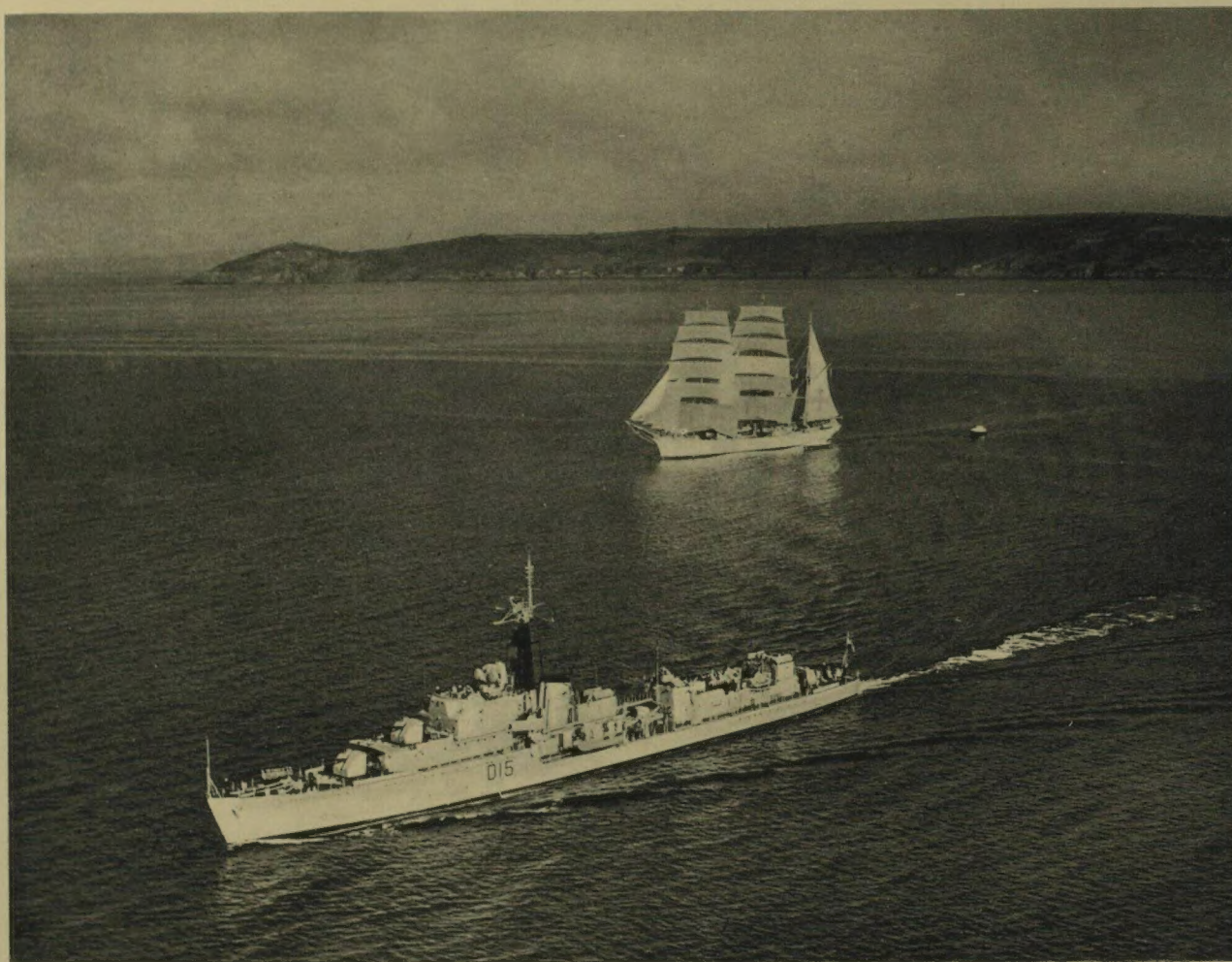
Having read Mr. Truman's message, I turned to other items of news and democratic good cheer on the front page of the paper. The first, adorned with a picture, described a famous film-star waving good-bye from the deck of the *Queen Mary*. This lady, readers were told, "threw a party in her stateroom aboard the liner at Southampton last night to celebrate her departure for Hollywood. The twenty-four-year-old glamour queen sailed to-day

to make a film at a fee of £27,500 and £250 a week expenses." No wonder the teeming masses of the Asian and African Continents want to live as we do when they can read about such good things in the newspapers. The adjoining paragraph in the next column was about another cinema princess, this time one involved in a romance, and was headed by the caption, "Marilyn and her Egghead go into hiding." It appeared from this that the un-American Activities Committee had summoned the lady's fiancé to Washington to investigate the rejection of his request for a passport for having held or been associated with people holding what, in the great free Republic of the West, are regarded as forbidden views. Here, too, nearly a hundred years after Abraham Lincoln's death, one could not help wondering whether Mankind, as Mr. Truman puts it, was winning after all. Or, if so, what sort of Mankind.

The same page carried another headline, roughly twice as large as that drawing attention to Mr. Truman's declaration of faith. It covered a long account of the activities of rival "slashing" race-gangs. A bookmaker had been attacked and seriously wounded as he left a Mayfair night-club in the small hours of the morning, and later an open razor, instead of a nightingale, had been found in Berkeley Square. Witnesses, it said, of this and other crimes were afraid to inform the police or give evidence against the criminals in case they should be similarly attacked.

What weight can we attach to Mr. Truman's brave and hopeful platitudes about the human future—and no one has a better right to utter honest platitudes than the man who has lived and helped to make them true—in the light of the record of human triviality and crime mirrored in the popular Press of those countries where the Press is still free? Anyone who supposes that that Press, even the best of it, is a faithful and balanced mirror of the democratic society it serves can only despair of the latter. Yet when I try to apply the test of truth and reality to the ex-President's hopes for mankind on the one hand, and the implication of the popular

doings recorded in the newspapers on the other, I find that by the standards which a historian is always seeking, however imperfectly, to apply to the historical evidence of the past, the balance of probability seems to incline, though only very slightly, to the former. For, though everything the newspapers chronicle has, in fact, happened, if not in the exact form set out, in something not wholly unlike it, so much else has happened that the newspapers never record at all. The virtuous Press of the totalitarian lands, whether of the left or right, records only what the rulers of their States wish the world to know about them; the frivolous and irresponsible Press of the democratic lands has the great political virtue of publishing, and being free to publish, all those awkward truths which Governments and those who comprise and serve them would like to suppress. But such a free Press, being for that very reason under the necessity of financing itself, tends to proffer the public only what titivates and appeals to its sense for novelty and sensation, and so excludes from its record nine-tenths of the everyday virtue and goodness that helps to make up the common lot both in Britain and America. The glistening and brittle peak of the iceberg is visible, but its solid, immense mass beneath the water-line is hidden. There is so much love and honest striving and courage in the world that, not being "news" and saleable, the democratic Press never mentions at all. It is because he knows this that I feel that what Mr. Truman hopes for mankind may prove true, atom bombs and razors and human silliness and wickedness notwithstanding.



THE CONTRAST OF ANCIENT AND MODERN: THE PORTUGUESE BARQUE SAGRES ON HER WAY TO THE START OF THE TORBAY TO LISBON RACE, AND A BRITISH DESTROYER, H.M.S. CAVENDISH.

The Portuguese naval training barque *Sagres* is seen, in the picture above, making her way to Torbay for the first Sail Training-Ship International race ever to be held. The race is due to start to-day, July 7, and the course this year is from Torbay, Devonshire, to Lisbon, a distance of some 750 miles. The race, which is open to the naval cadets of various nations, is being organised by a British committee, and it is hoped it will become a regular event in future, helping to foster good international relations and, like the Olympic Games, will be held in different parts of the world.



## IN POZNAN, WEST POLAND, DURING THE VIOLENT ANTI-COMMUNIST RIOTS.



AFTER THE VIOLENT POZNAN RIOTS OF JUNE 28: A POLISH ARMY TANK ON GUARD OUTSIDE A BANK BUILDING AS LIFE IN THE CITY RETURNS TO SOME APPROACH TO NORMAL, FOLLOWING A HEAVY DEATH-ROLL.



A LULL IN THE FIGHTING ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE RIOTS: SULLEN CROWDS STANDING IN A MAIN STREET AFTER TROOPS HAD GAINED THE UPPER HAND.



BURNING RUBBISH AND SMOULDERING PAPER FLUNG INTO THE STREET BY THE ANGRY POZNAN CROWDS WHICH BROKE INTO VARIOUS GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, INCLUDING A RADIO STATION USED FOR JAMMING WESTERN BROADCASTS.



ROKOSSOVSKY STREET, IN POZNAN, ON THE DAY AFTER THE RIOTS, WITH ONE OF THE THIRTY PATROLLING TANKS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL.



FROM A CAR CAUGHT IN THE POZNAN RIOTS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING POLISH TROOPS RUSHING ACROSS A STREET TO QUELL THE ANGRY CROWDS ON JUNE 28.

As reported elsewhere in this issue, on June 28 at Poznan, in Western Poland, while foreign businessmen in some numbers were present in the city attending an international trade fair, a workers' protest demonstration turned into violent anti-Communist and anti-Government rioting. Attacks were made on various public buildings, including a prison, which was set alight, a radio station used for jamming Western programmes, which was temporarily seized by the rioters, and the headquarters of the security police. Troops were hurriedly called in, and although some of the troops are said to have been

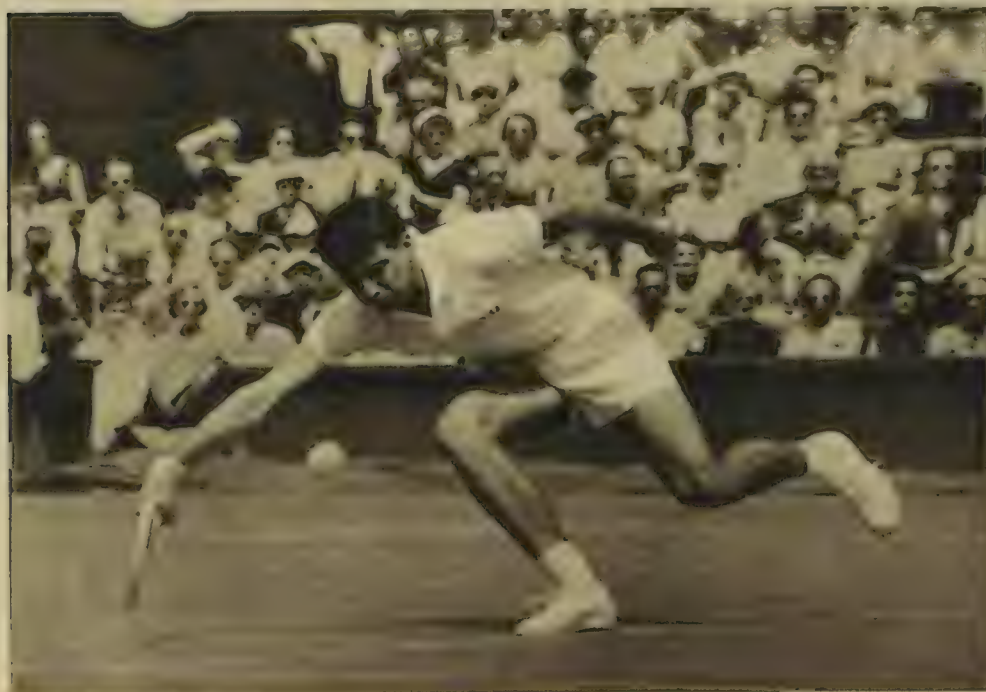


AWAITING THE OUTCOME OF THE SURPRISINGLY VIOLENT RIOTS: PASSERS-BY IN A POZNAN STREET WATCH A POLISH ARMY TANK TAKING UP ITS POSITION.

friendly and to have handed their arms to the rioters, fighting eventually became fierce; and it was not until 7 a.m. on the following morning that the last stronghold of the rioters, the radio station, was reduced. Casualties at this time were reported to be about 48 killed and 270 wounded, both rioters and security forces. The Polish Premier, Mr. Cyrankiewicz, and other members of the Government hurried to Poznan; and he is reported as saying that most of the demands of the demonstrators were justified; and it is thought that the final effect of the riots may be to speed up reforms.



# THE WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1956—THE FIRST WEEK: SIX DAYS OF STRENUOUS COMPETITION WITH SOME SURPRISING AND DRAMATIC RESULTS.



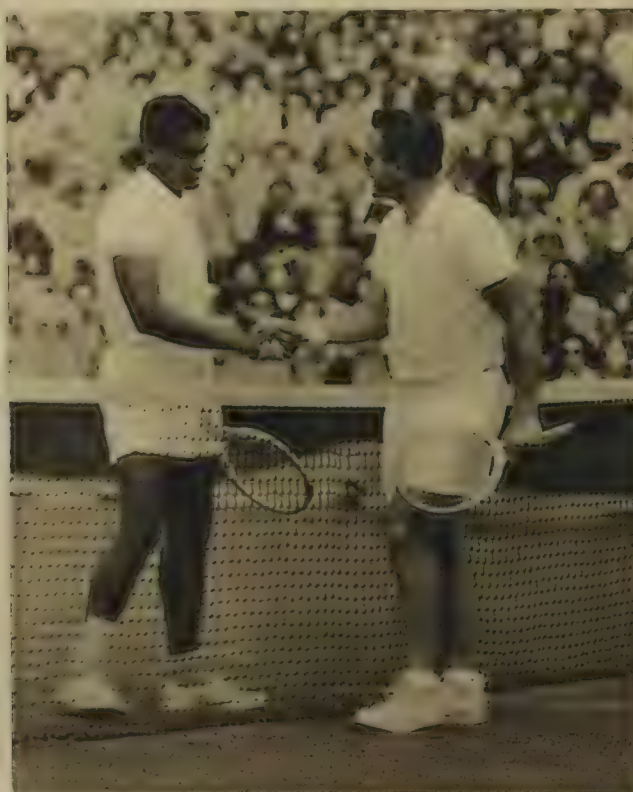
(Left.)  
A PICTURE OF CON-  
CENTRATION: ASHLEY  
COOPER, THE UN-  
SEEDED AUSTRALIAN  
PLAYER, DURING THE  
MATCH IN WHICH HE  
DEFEATED DAVIDSON,  
OF SWEDEN, SEEDED  
THIRD, BY 6-3, 2-6,  
6-3, 1-6, 6-4.



(Right.)  
H. RICHARDSON,  
UNITED STATES,  
AFTER MAKING A  
BACK-HAND SHOT  
DURING HIS MATCH  
AGAINST J. ARKIN-  
STALL, AUSTRALIA,  
WHICH HE WON.



ONE OF THE FOUR AUSTRALIANS TO REACH THE  
QUARTER-FINALS OF THE MEN'S SINGLES: M. J.  
ANDERSON, WHO LATER LOST TO HOAD.



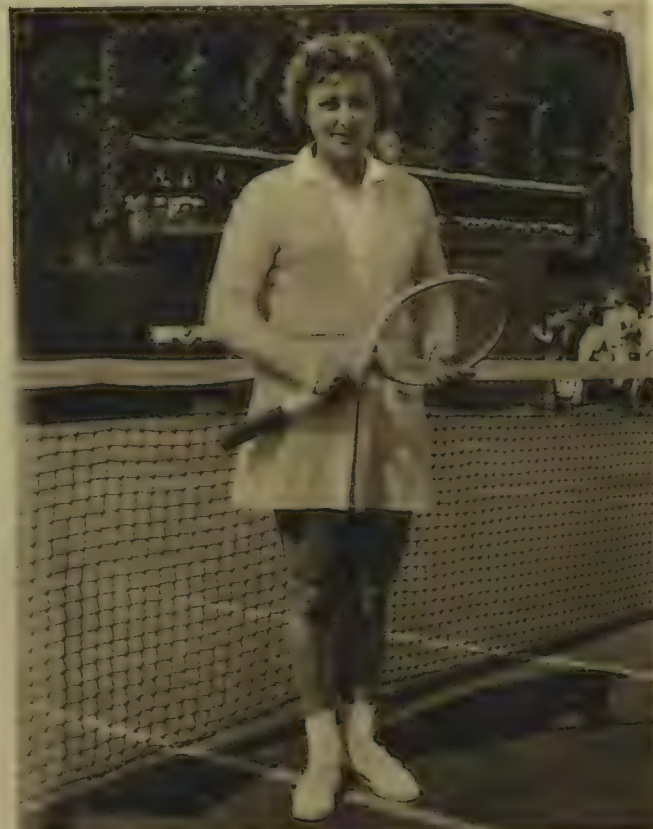
(Above.)  
A FRIENDLY HAND-  
SHAKE FROM DROBNY  
AFTER HIS DEFEAT:  
KRISHNAN'S FIRST-  
ROUND VICTORY WAS  
THE FIRST SURPRISE  
OF THE WEEK.



A PLAYER OF PROMISE: NEALE FRASER, OF  
AUSTRALIA, A LEFT-HANDER WITH RUGGED, FIGHT-  
ING QUALITIES.



(Left.)  
SEEDED NO. 8: V.  
SEIXAS (U.S.A.) IN HIS  
MATCH AGAINST H.  
FLAM (U.S.A.), WHOM  
HE BEAT 4-6, 6-1,  
6-1, 10-8. HE WAS  
TO MEET J. A. MORRIS  
IN THE QUARTER-  
FINALS.



MISS VERA PUZEJOVA, OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, WHO BEAT THE  
SEEDED PLAYER MRS. D. KNODE, OF THE U.S.A.

ALTHOUGH the Wimbledon Championships this year may not be of the "vintage" class, there was much stimulating and exciting tennis played during the first week, and some dramatic surprises. In the Men's Singles, at the time of writing, only four of the eight selected favourites had come through to the last eight. The defeat of the two favourites J. Drobny and Budge Patty were among last week's surprises. The final eight players still to play were: L. A. Hoad v. M. J. Anderson, N. A. Fraser v. H. Richardson, V. Seixas v. J. A. Morris, and U. Schmidt v. K. R. Rosewall. Of these there were four Australians, three Americans, and Schmidt, of Sweden. It was regrettable that the Australian player, Cooper, defeated on Friday by the then obscure American, J. A. Morris,

[Continued opposite.]





(Left.)  
DEFEATING KURT  
NIELSEN, DENMARK,  
A SEEDDED PLAYER  
AND A FINALIST LAST  
YEAR: AYALA, OF  
CHILE, NIELSEN WAS  
SEEDDED SEVENTH,  
AND WAS THE  
FOURTH SEEDDED  
PLAYER DEFEATED  
IN THE FIRST FOUR  
DAYS.



(Right.)  
DURING HIS FOURTH-  
ROUND MATCH  
AGAINST HIS FELLOW  
AUSTRALIAN J. F.  
O'BRIEN: L. A. HOAD  
ON THE FIFTH DAY  
IN THE MEN'S SINGLES  
AT WIMBLEDON LAST  
WEEK.



THE SWEDISH PLAYER, U. SCHMIDT, WHO DEFEATED  
L. AYALA, OF CHILE, IN THE FOURTH ROUND 7-5,  
5-7, 6-4, 6-2.



(Above.)  
A HANDSHAKE FOR  
AN UNEXPECTED  
WINNER: BUDGE  
PATTY, AFTER HIS  
DEFEAT, SHAKING  
HANDS WITH THE  
UNSEEDDED BRITISH  
PLAYER BOBBY  
WILSON.



PLAYING AT WIMBLEDON FOR THE FIRST TIME:  
J. A. MORRIS (U.S.A.), WHO DEFEATED A TIRED  
COOPER (AUSTRALIA) BY 1-6, 12-10, 8-6, 3-6, 6-3.



DURING HIS MATCH AGAINST BUDGE PATTY: BOBBY WILSON,  
WHO IS SEEN OPPOSITE AFTER HIS VICTORY.

(Right.)  
KEN ROSEWALL  
(AUSTRALIA) DOWN  
ON ONE KNEE DURING  
HIS MATCH AGAINST  
A. LARSEN (U.S.A.),  
WHICH HE WON 7-5,  
7-5, 6-3.



*Continued.*  
was not allowed a rest before this match, which turned out to be his fourth consecutive match to go to five sets, making a total of 202 games in five days, which must be almost a record. The Women's Singles, compared with the men's, have been lacking in excitement. The last eight were Mrs. J. Fleitz v. Miss A. Buxton, Miss A. Mortimer v. Miss P. E. Ward, Miss S. Fry v. Miss A. Gibson, and Miss S. J. Bloomer v. Miss L. Brough, the holder. On July 2, Hoad defeated Anderson in a fierce quarter-final struggle by 4-6, 6-1, 6-1, 13-11, and was then in the curious position of having the chance of reaching the final without meeting a seeded player, two ex-champions whom he has never beaten having been removed earlier from his path.



## A ROYAL OCCASION: AND EVENTS OF INTEREST IN SEVERAL FIELDS.



A DAKOTA FITTED WITH A MAGNETOMETER DETECTOR HEAD FOR SEARCHING FOR MINERALS FROM THE AIR.

A British company, Hunting Geophysics Ltd., has developed this intricate but effective equipment for prospecting for minerals from the air. The magnetometer detector attached to the tail of the aircraft receives and passes on impulses caused by minerals in the ground, while the plane is flying at 500 ft.



SHOWING THE COMPLEX ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT: THE INTERIOR OF THE DAKOTA.



NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: THE MURAL PAINTING DISCOVERED IN 1953.

This mural painting on a wall in the Byward Tower at the Tower of London, which was discovered by workmen in 1953, is now to be seen by the public for the first time. Dating from about 1400, it illustrates the Crucifixion.



A BRITISH AIRCRAFT IN MOSCOW: THE COMET II AIRLINER WHICH CARRIED THE BRITISH PARTY TO RUSSIA FOR THE ANNUAL AVIATION DAY DISPLAY ON JUNE 24. The Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Nigel Birch, was among those who attended the annual Russian aviation day display at Moscow on June 24. The British party flew in the Comet II airliner, which is seen here at Moscow.



STARTING HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO QUEBEC AND MONTREAL: THE NEW CUNARD LINER CARINTHIA BEING TOWED DOWN THE MERSEY BY TWO TUGS.

The new Cunard liner *Carinthia* sailed from Liverpool on June 27 on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. She is the third Cunard liner recently built for this route, was built at John Brown's shipyard on Clydebank and was launched last December by Princess Margaret.



AT THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE: PRINCESS MARGARET DURING THE CEREMONY IN WHICH SHE WAS INSTALLED AS PRESIDENT.

On June 28 Princess Margaret was installed as President of Britain's newest university college, that of North Staffordshire. The ceremony was at Stoke-on-Trent Town Hall.



A PAINTING OF A ROYAL OCCASION TO BE ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON: MR. TERENCE CUNEO WITH HIS PAINTING OF THE SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE LUNCHEON GIVEN IN HONOUR OF HER MAJESTY'S RETURN FROM THE COMMONWEALTH TOUR IN 1954.

Among the paintings by Terence Cuneo which will be included in the 36th Annual Exhibition of the United Society of Artists at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, from July 11 to 28, is this picture which is lent by the Goldsmiths' Company. Somewhere in the magnificent scene is the mouse, which features in so many of Mr. Cuneo's works.



## NEWS FROM CYPRUS: COASTAL VIGILANCE AND OPERATION "LUCKY ALPHONSE."



CONSTANT VIGILANCE BY THE ROYAL NAVY ON THE CYPRUS COAST: A GREEK-CYPRIOT FISHING-BOAT BEING BOARDED BY A PARTY FROM A BRITISH DESTROYER.



A WELCOME BREAK FOR BRITISH TROOPS DURING OPERATION "LUCKY ALPHONSE," IN WHICH A NUMBER OF TERRORISTS WERE CAPTURED.



PREPARING TO SEARCH A WELL IN KYKKO MONASTERY. THIS MONASTERY WAS PROVED TO BE A CENTRE OF TERRORIST ACTIVITY.



LEAVING KYKKO MONASTERY UNDER ESCORT: THE ABBOT AND SOME OF HIS PRIESTS. THE MONASTERY HAS BEEN CLOSED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.



THE VARIED REQUIREMENTS OF MODERN WAR: A COLLECTION OF AMMUNITION AND OTHER ITEMS TYPICAL OF THOSE FOUND IN THE CAVES RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY TERRORISTS.



ONE OF THE CAPTURED TERRORISTS ABOUT TO BE TAKEN TO NICOSIA: HIS HANDS ARE TIED BEHIND HIS BACK AND HE IS COVERED BY A WHITE SHEET TO PREVENT HIS RECOGNITION *EN ROUTE*.

Since the completion of Operation "Lucky Alphonse," which ended after sixteen days on June 23, there has, until the time of writing, been a relative lull in Cyprus. Though no very large number of terrorists were taken during this sweep, a complete gang was captured and another has been much weakened. Large quantities of terrorist supplies have been found, and Kykko Monastery has been made useless as a centre of further terrorist

activities. Meanwhile, some progress has been made in deciding the future of Cyprus, and Government discussions on the granting of self-determination to Cyprus are continuing. Among recent incidents in Nicosia was the attempted murder of Mr. Justice Bernard Shaw on June 25. Mr. Justice Shaw, who was seriously wounded in the neck and head, is Senior Special Justice in Cyprus and has sentenced six terrorists to death.



# SCOTTISH REGIMENTS IN PEACE AND WAR ALL OVER THE WORLD.

"The Uniforms and History of the Scottish Regiments, 1625 to the Present Day." By MAJOR R. MONEY BARNES, in Collaboration with C. KENNEDY ALLEN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE reader who glances at the description of this book, at the foot of the page, may well conceive that it has a pretty elaborate title-page. It has still. I have left a good many lines and initials out of it. Facing that title-page there is a masterly water-colour of a Company Officer in the Seaforths, in Review Order. The title-page is in Review Order also; just as many neat, variegated and seemly details; it is fifty-fifty.

The reader—before reading, that is—might also well be tempted to think that (since "Uniforms" comes before "History") the volume is mainly of sartorial concern. Eight superb Scots, in various natural positions, and brilliant costumes, appear on the front of the jacket; then we come to the imposing Company Officer in the Seaforths; and thereafter to a beautifully drawn and coloured series of plates, showing the uniforms of all the known Scottish regiments, here and overseas. Had there been a battalion of Fijian Scots, or (likelier still) of Falkland Island Scots, be sure that pictures of them would be shown here, possibly standing at ease, but not standing easy. But this is no catalogue of Service Uniforms by an antiquarian Army tailor. Major Barnes has a great talent for precise drawing and lively colouring. The illustrations (except for the rough cuts by Lieutenant Beatty, which are in black-and-white, quite dashing, but mainly concerned with details) are by him. But if they all, with the text which relates to them, had been left out; we should still have here a remarkably good, and cunningly concise, history of the Scots, Scottish, or Scotch regiments, in peacetime and wartime, over almost all the known world. The illustrations are exquisite and natural. They are the sort of pictures which, when I was young, had I been allowed the run of so expensive a book as this, I should have cut out and pasted on to my four-winged nursery screen, mixed up with cuttings of butterflies, moths, birds and gesticulating politicians. But the book is a history of the Scots as soldiers. And the story is related laconically, vividly, excitingly and most humanely. I have known all my life a strange sect of people, of both sexes, who have imagined that a Briton—General Ritchie, I am shocked to see, calls him a "Britisher." How would he like to be called a "Scotcher," or Mr. Aneurin Bevan a "Welsher"?—deciding to be a soldier, longs for a war and to kill, or, as the next best thing, to be killed. This may be true of some elements in certain nations, whom I need not specify. There may have been some truth about it as applied to the early Scots Clansmen; they had blood feuds, raided and looted, like the Pathans, who were later faced by many a reformed Scot. But, even in the wildest days, chieftains probably had to make free use of demagogic slogans in order to rouse the clansmen to leave their crofts, their wives, and their children; and the wives, unless they were viragos, would have hated it all. A near relation of mine was at Berchtesgaden when Chamberlain, with his umbrella (which he took as a substitute for a long spoon), arrived to see Hitler. She told me that the crowds cheered Chamberlain to the echo, because there was a hope for them that there wouldn't be another war, and another massacre of the innocents. Doubtless most of those cheerers had turned into tough and stubborn soldiers a year later. This digression was prompted by several passages in this stout-hearted book which reflect the spirit behind the Duke of Wellington's remark that there was only one thing worse than a victory and that was a defeat.

A certain amount of carnage is inevitable in a work of this kind. But it isn't dominant here. The historical ground covered is immense, and I could not even summarise the book's contents except by a tame and mechanical copying of the

lists of chapter-headings, and even that would only give a shadowy skeleton of a clue. For an attempt is made, in a strictly selective way, to interweave the stories of the Scots regiments, both Highland and Lowland, as the diverse threads are interwoven in a tartan. For centuries Scots regiments have fought in every one of Britain's wars; in the Crimea, I believe, every Scots regiment was represented. And, since the middle of the nineteenth century the Scots units have steadily multiplied. It wasn't only that during the later and greater wars the numbers of battalions of the old regiments were enormously multiplied, regiments

as far back as 1421, when Scots first entered the service of France: readers of Sir Walter who, in spite of the horn-rimmed palefaces, who have no use for anybody earlier than Gide, Proust, and Joyce, are still numerous, may remember that "Quentin Durward" opens with a Scots contingent under the command of the Lord Crawford of the day. Scots fought all over Europe—names of them still survive in all sorts of places from Sweden to Poland—I speak of the time before the aggressive Poles were reluctantly attacked by an injured Hitler, and were later liberated by the freedom-loving democracy of the Kremlin. But all that early history of Scots warriors—before the time when Union with Britain was made possible by the accession of a Scots king to the English throne—and it is by virtue of a Scots descent that our present dynasty occupies the throne—has little relation to the proclaimed subject of this book. Out of the seventeenth century turmoil, and after the Act of Union, a clearer picture evolves. The regiments we know trace their origin to the Restoration. "The earliest battle honour granted to be placed upon the Colours of any of the regiments was 'Tangier, 1680,' which is common to the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream Guards, the Royal Dragoons, the Royal Scots, and the Queens."

Scots Regiments were in all Marlborough's battles: The Black Watch were at Fontenoy. By the time that we get to Waterloo we find the Scots Greys charging to the cry of "Scotland Forever" and Napoleon, that brainiest of brigands, grumbling about "those terrible grey horses"—I must here interject that Major Barnes recognised, amongst the improvements, however few, of our days, that the harmless horses are no longer subjected to what used to be supposed to be their duty. Mechanised warfare at least spares them! Tractorised farming is, on another front, abolishing them; racing may be, in the end, the only way of saving the horse, as hunting the only way of protecting the fox.

I have wandered again, this book being so provocative of wandering thoughts. What I meant to say was that, from the Indian Mutiny onwards, the Scots have always paraded in Britain's wars. More than ever in the latest of them. The "Canadian Militia" were in the Crimea. During the Indian Mutiny the Canadian and South African Scottish Regiments were on the spot. The Scots, from all over our old Empire, swarmed to fight in the Boer War and our later wars, and they came from all over the two hemispheres.

They came in the kilt, or in tartan trews. Dr. Johnson, when he was told that Scotland was a place of "fine prospects," remarked that "the finest prospect for a Scotsman was the high-road to England." Later, he went to the Highlands and thoroughly enjoyed both the prospects and the people. But the Scots were not aware only of "a high-road to England," but were aware of high-roads across the watery seas. Some English, during the eighteenth century, sneered at the invading Scots, led by Lord Bute. Charles Churchill, I think it was, unkindly remarked about them as a nation

Where half-starved spiders live on  
half-starved flies.

But, in our later wars, how much we are indebted to the Scots.

What is the Relief of Lucknow: the song is "The Campbells are Coming."

So far as I know I have no Scottish blood, although my children are full of it. But the later passages of this book make me wish that I had. Even during the Indian Mutiny Canadian and South African Scottish Regiments volunteered to serve. And since then, from all over what is now called the Commonwealth, they have streamed in to serve the cause of European Civilisation, clad in the tartans, the kilt, the sporrans and the trews, no longer brigands or raiders, but policemen of civilisation.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 38 of this issue.



1660: AN OFFICER OF THE SCOTTISH TROOP OF LIFE GUARDS.  
(From a colour plate by R. Money Barnes).



THREE OF THE MANY BLACK-AND-WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE BOOK BY T. B. BEATTY: (LEFT) A LOCHABER AXE, AS CARRIED BY CLANSMEN OF THE '45 AND EARLIER. (CENTRE) BLACK WATCH, NORTH AMERICA, 1783. FIGHTING ORDER. (RIGHT) A HIGHLAND TARGE OR TARGET SHOWING THE FRONT VIEW AND SIDE VIEW WITH THE SPIKE SCREWED INTO THE CENTRAL BOSS FOR ACTION.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Uniforms and History of the Scottish Regiments"; by courtesy of the publishers, Seeley, Service and Co.

like the Black Watch, for instance, putting tens of thousands of men into the field, and suffering proportionate losses—in '14 War, "The whole Empire lost a million killed, and the book in Edinburgh's shrine contains 100,000 names, including those of Camerons and Gordons last seen in the mud of Loos, of Lowlanders whose bodies drifted into the Aegean Sea from Helles beaches, and of men who died in scorching deserts once covered by Noah's great flood." But as time has gone on, the area from which Scots regiments have been drawn has been greatly extended. It is conjectured that the oldest Scots regiment extant is the Royal Scots, which is alleged to be traceable

\* "The Uniforms and History of the Scottish Regiments, Britain—Canada—Australia—New Zealand—South Africa, 1625 to the Present Day." By Major R. Money Barnes, in Collaboration with C. Kennedy Allen, F.S.A. (Scot.), on whose suggestion this work was undertaken, and Lieutenant Thomas B. Beatty, Jr., U.S.N.R. Foreword by General Sir Neil Methuen Ritchie, G.B.E., etc., formerly Colonel of the Black Watch. Colour Plates by the author, Line Drawings by T. B. Beatty. (Seeley, Service and Co.; 30s.)





NOW RESTORED AND REOPENED: ROUEN CATHEDRAL, WHICH WAS SEVERELY DAMAGED DURING THE WAR, SHOWING THE FLOODLIT WEST FRONT.

## ROUEN CATHEDRAL RESTORED; A BIG SCIENCE MUSEUM PAINTING; AND A NEW PORTRAIT OF "BUBBLES."



INSIDE ROUEN CATHEDRAL: A VIEW LOOKING UP THE NAVE OF THE NEWLY RESTORED CATHEDRAL.

Rouen Cathedral was reopened on June 24. It was severely damaged during the Allied air bombardment before the Normandy landings in 1944 and the task of restoration was found to necessitate the repair or replacement of about half the fabric.



GUIDED BY A SMALLER PRELIMINARY PICTURE: MR. TERENCE CUNEO AT WORK IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM ON A VERY LARGE CANVAS.

Mr. Terence Cuneo is at present working in London's Science Museum on a huge painting which is to hang in the Museum's great new Electrical Gallery, where the history of electricity from its discovery to the present day will be recorded. The painting, which is on a canvas 11 ft. by 16 ft., is a detailed view of G.E.C.'s workshop which manufactures power-station equipment and is the biggest of its kind in Britain.



SEVENTY YEARS LATER: ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM JAMES, WHO POSED AS A BOY FOR MILLAIS' FAMOUS PICTURE "BUBBLES," IS PAINTED AGAIN—THIS TIME BY MR. FRANK BERESFORD.

Admiral Sir William James was only four when he posed for his grandfather, Sir John Millais, for a picture called "Bubbles." This picture, which became world-famous, was originally painted for *The Illustrated London News*; it was later sold by Sir William Ingram to Mr. Barratt, the chairman of Pears, for 2000 guineas. With the artist's permission, it was used by Pears as an advertisement for their soap. Admiral Sir William James's new portrait, by Mr. Frank Beresford, will be on view at the United Society of Artists' Exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries in London this month.



WITH HER  
COMMONWEALTH  
PRIME MINISTERS:  
HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN AT  
BUCKINGHAM PALACE  
WITH HER NINE  
PREMIERS—FOR  
WHOM SHE HELD  
A DINNER PARTY  
ON JUNE 27.

THE nine Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth, in London for the seventh conference to be held since the war, attended a dinner given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on June 27, the day on which the first plenary session of the meeting was held at 10, Downing Street. This photograph, which was taken at Buckingham Palace, shows (l. to r.) Mr. Strydom (South Africa), Mr. Mohamad Ali (Pakistan), Mr. Holland (New Zealand), Mr. St. Laurent (Canada), Sir Anthony Eden (Great Britain), Mr. Menzies (Australia), Mr. Nehru (India), Mr. Bandaranaike (Ceylon), and Lord Malvern (Rhodesia and Nyasaland) with her Majesty the Queen. The dinner was held in the White and Gold State dining-room, with the Queen sitting opposite the Duke of Edinburgh, and having on her right Mr. St. Laurent and on her left Mr. Menzies. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present. Among others who attended were members of the Cabinet, Commonwealth Ministers and High Commissioners, and Mr. Gaitskill, the Leader of the Opposition. A statement, issued after the first full meeting of the conference, said that the Prime Ministers embarked upon a general discussion of the international situation. There was no fixed agenda for the meetings, but a proposed agenda in general terms was circulated to the delegations.





THE officers of the Royal Air Force who are now coming to the top are a dedicated band. Their branch of the profession of arms is the most highly specialised. Their force has in the past fought a series of Whitehall battles for survival. It has been successful—except in the case of one, over the control of naval aircraft, which it ought not to have fought and in which its defeat was fortunate. Yet there are still occasional rumblings, and it is still on its guard. Air warfare has assumed an importance so great and so vital that the minds of the most serious and intelligent bend inward upon it, away from the outer world. After the company of soldiers and sailors, theirs seems rather austere and socially colourless.

This is possibly an inevitable phase. Many of the senior officers a little older in years did not create such an impression. One of the greatest elements of strength in the make-up of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor, recently Chief of the Air Staff, was the ease and urbanity he displayed in his relations with the other Services, with politicians and Civil Servants, and, above all, with Americans. Where the Army was concerned, he knew as much about it as its own officers. But when it came to fighting for the R.A.F. no one was doughtier. If he was a social figure in this country and the United States, if he was a devotee of the once traditional officers' sports of hunting, shooting, and fishing, he was a very faithful airman, as well as a skilled air commander and staff officer.

He has already shown himself a successful writer, but the work which he has lately published is more ambitious than anything he had previously written.\* It is a long book, covering his whole career, from his entry into the Royal Flying Corps at the beginning of the First World War to the end of the Second. It is the most difficult kind of book to write. He truthfully describes it as a mixture of history and biography, but a great deal of the history is of a special kind, international and inter-service planning and co-ordination in the Second World War, which fill just on two-thirds of his narrative. He is so conscientious about the detail of these highly technical matters that he gives the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. REFLECTIONS OF AN AIRMAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

weekends and summer leaves and of three days' hunting a fortnight in the winter did not long survive. He had to pack them up as we have to put aside our hopes of hearing more about them. Hitler was on the scene and was to remain there for the next eight years.

In one respect, however, a personal interest is maintained from beginning to end. Sir John Slessor has the knack of bringing out the characteristics of those with whom he came into professional contact. As might be expected, most of the judgments are conventionally friendly—they could hardly be otherwise. A few of the criticisms are caustic. One instance of this is the case of the late

do with him professionally agree that he was a good man to work with, energetic, imaginative, and broad-minded. The heaviest criticism ever heard was: "Like a lot of brilliant men, now and then went off the handle." I should not think of describing him as an extremist in air doctrine, because I mean by that the type who never could

see any but the air point of view, and he was certainly not of that type. I find him subject to one error, at least theoretically. Soldiers are reproached with fighting a war with the methods of the last. Airmen are inclined to plan it with those of the next.

Well, it may be said, better to be ahead of the times than behind them. But if this up-to-date outlook involves claims to take on tasks for which the equipment is not yet ripe, and if these claims are listened to, the services of sea and land may suffer. I have used the word "theoretically" because, in practice, Sir John Slessor, as this narrative would show even if there were no other evidence, was the best and most loyal of supporters of the other services. And it must be acknowledged that, if he has sometimes in the past been "ahead of his time," to-day his views are incontrovertible. With the coming of atomic warfare, and still more that of the hydrogen bomb, whatever mechanism is used for the delivery of that weapon takes first place. Up to the present it is aircraft.

Thus the air forces of the "nuclear" powers are the predominant forces of the world, though they may not always be that. Again, he is right in thinking that the best hope of avoiding this horror is its very potency. The human race, having gone on improving weapons since the Stone Age, has now evolved one which is much too efficient. This has not previously happened, and killing has not generally risen in volume with killing-power. I can only hope that Sir John Slessor is also right in his confidence that the human race possesses enough sense of self-preservation to induce it to reason along these lines.

It was in his last book that he set out this theory. I have turned back to it for a moment and found the present work more appealing. That was a book of ideas. Here also there are ideas in plenty, but much more besides. The Battle of the Atlantic,



THE BOMBING OF CASSINO: CASSINO ABBEY—KNOWN AS THE MONASTERY AND SEEN IN THE TOP LEFT OF THE PICTURE—DOMINATED THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIRI VALLEY AND HIGHWAY 6 TO ROME, AND THEREFORE BECAME A TARGET FOR ALLIED BOMBING.



THE SINKING OF A GERMAN U-BOAT IN THE ATLANTIC IN JUNE 1943: THE KILL WAS MADE BY A MARK I LIBERATOR OF 120 SQUADRON PILOTED BY FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT A. W. FRASER, D.F.C.



ATTACKING A GERMAN CONVOY OFF THE DUTCH COAST ON JUNE 13, 1943: THE ATTACK, IN WHICH THE *STADT EMDEN* AND AN ARMED TRAWLER WERE SUNK, WAS CARRIED OUT BY THE NORTH COATES WING.

Photographs from the book "The Central Blue" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.

impression of feeling it to be a duty to leave his personal part in them on record. The material will prove valuable to the R.A.F., but for the layman some of it makes pretty solid reading.

The lighter side is not forgotten, and very pleasant it is. It appears, however, most prominently in the earlier pages and is later on almost crowded out by grimmer considerations and events. It is symbolical that when he went to the Air Ministry as head of the Plans-branch in May 1937, he should have been renting a house in the Bicester country and keeping an auxiliary cutter in Poole Harbour. The hopes of sailing

American Admiral King, though in most respects the writer liked and admired him. Another is that of Lord Beaverbrook at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. "One of the oldest methods of acquiring merit on taking over a new job," remarks Sir John Slessor acidly, "is to create the impression that one had inherited chaos." Even the conventional friendliness, however, generally gives a good sketch of the man described and helps one to see why he had got where he had.

The author had almost every kind of conceivable experience, from supporting the Army in Indian frontier warfare to holding the posts of Commander-in-Chief Coastal Command and Air Member for Personnel. All who have had to

for instance, seen from the vantage point of Coastal Command, is one of the greatest dramas of the Second World War. I found this account all the more interesting because I had been reading almost simultaneously the American account, from May 1943 to May 1945, in Professor Samuel Eliot Morison's "The Atlantic Battle Won," where the story is told in more detail. Then from his position in the Mediterranean, Sir John Slessor was closely concerned with the effort to help the Poles in the tragic Warsaw rising. Most absorbing of all has been to watch a clear and vigorous intellect translating ideas into realities and overcoming difficulties, personal, national and material, in the path.

\* "The Central Blue: Recollections and Reflections." By Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor. (Cassell; 30s.)



# AT THE TUSHINO AIRFIELD: THE SOVIET ANNUAL AVIATION DAY DISPLAY ON JUNE 24.



(Above.)  
ONE OF THE NEW SOVIET AIRCRAFT SEEN AT THE DISPLAY: A SEMI-DELTA-WING EXPERIMENTAL JET FIGHTER.

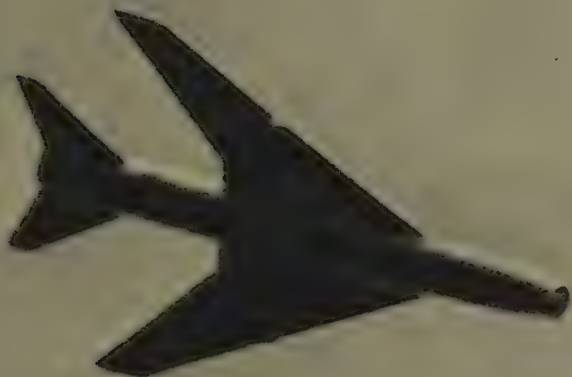
ON June 24 the annual Aviation Day display was staged by the Soviet Air Force at Tushino Airfield, outside Moscow. In spite of wet weather, thousands of Russian spectators were present. The Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Nigel Birch, and the Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman, together with General Nathan Twining, Chief of Staff of the U.S. Air Force, were among the observers from twenty

[Continued below, left.]

(Right.)  
A FORMATION OF FIGHTERS: THE FASTER AIRCRAFT FLEW AT LOW SPEED TO ENABLE OBSERVERS TO SEE THEM MORE CLOSELY.



SOME OF THE LARGER AIRCRAFT. THE MAJORITY SHOWN WERE FIGHTERS.



FLYING LOW OVER THE AIRFIELD: A NEW SWEEP-WING FIGHTER, LOOKING LIKE THE HEAD OF AN ARROW.

Continued.] countries. After the display, for which the pilots had been practising and making sound-barrier bangs over the city for some time past, the foreign observers appear to have identified only seven new models, and to have found nothing very surprising in the developments which could be assessed from the display. The majority of the aircraft taking part were fighters, and at a reception following the display Mr. Khrushchev said this was to emphasize the Russian desire for peace. Although Russia had the bombers



AN INTERCEPTOR FIGHTER, POSSIBLY USED ALSO AS A FIGHTER-BOMBER: ONE OF THE LIGHT TWIN-JET AIRCRAFT SEEN IN THE DISPLAY.

ready for use if necessary, they were deliberately given only a small part in the display. The display was described as an impressive show, with stunt flying, a fly-past, a precision parachute drop, and a mass landing by helicopters. In the evening Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev were present with the American, British and French observers at a party, followed by a festive boating occasion, and on June 26 the observers paid a visit to the Zhukovski Air Engineering Academy.



# LAYING BARE THE GREATEST MEETING-PLACE OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY:

## THE EXCAVATIONS OF THE AGORA OF ATHENS.

By PROFESSOR HOMER A. THOMPSON, Field Director of the Agora Excavations of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.

IN 1931 the systematic exploration of the Agora, *i.e.*, the market-place and civic centre of ancient Athens, was begun by the American School of Classical Studies with the financial support of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. After a

With two notable exceptions, *viz.*, the Temple of Hephaestus (Fig. 3) (the so-called Theseum) on the west and the Stoa of Attalus on the east, the ancient buildings were found by the excavators in an exceedingly ruinous condition. This was due to the fact that in the third century after Christ the area had been sacked by northern barbarians, after which the buildings were stripped to provide stone for the construction of a new set of fortifications. The foundations, however, remained, and enough blocks of the superstructures to allow the designs of the buildings to be recovered, while the history of the area could be read off from the stratification in the lower levels.

The earliest civic buildings date from the time of Solon in the opening years of the sixth century B.C. Thereafter the development was continuous, though punctuated by great disasters: the Persian sack in 480-79 B.C., the savage incursion of Sulla in 86 B.C., and,

finally, the thorough-going destruction by the Herulians in the year 267 after Christ.

Throughout its history the market square was of generous proportions, measuring some eight acres in area. In the earlier centuries the open space was bounded by public buildings and temples placed informally, and made, with few exceptions, of limestone rather than marble. In the second century B.C. a more formal design and a more monumental effect resulted from the construction of enormous colonnades, especially on the east and south sides. This dramatic development, of which practically nothing is reported by the ancient authors, may reflect a revival of local prosperity; in large part, however, it was made possible by generous contributions from admirers of the old city, above all from the Royal house of Pergamon.

The Romans, too, left their mark on the ancient square. Most prominent of their works is the Odeion, or concert hall, erected by Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa about the year 15 B.C. on the very axis of the open space. The fifth-century Temple of Ares, which had originally stood elsewhere, was transplanted about this same time to the north-west corner of the square; it appears to have been re-dedicated to some member of the imperial family. Among the latest of the monumental structures to be added to the square was the apsidal fountain house, or nymphæum, which stood at the extreme south-east corner and apparently drew its water from the aqueduct of Hadrian, completed in A.D. 140.

Throughout the long history of its development, the successive additions to the square were intelligently and economically related to the natural contours of the terrain, as well as to the age-old thoroughfares by which the region was traversed. The gentle slope from south to north

permitted easy, natural drainage, facilitated the distribution of drinking water, and enlivened the relationship of one building to another. The early buildings along the west edge and at the south-west corner of the square were conveniently placed alongside a very early road which led in from the principal gate of the city, the Dipylon, and carried one up to the Pnyx, or meeting-place, of the Assembly. A particularly effective piece of planning was the deployment of the two great stoas, or colonnades, of the second century B.C. in an L-shaped formation about the broad road which traversed the square diagonally; from the floors of the colonnades, which for most of their length lay high above the square, thousands of citizens could watch the Panathenaic and other processions as they made their way up to the Acropolis. (See reconstruction drawing on pages 22-23.)

In its developed form the Agora comprised two squares separated from one another by the Middle Stoa in its length of 450 ft. The northern and larger of the two areas was surrounded by the more imposing buildings and was thickly studded with monuments, altars and marble inscriptions. The lesser area, which was destitute of monuments and bordered by more modest structures, may have been intended primarily as a market-place. In this logical differentiation of function we may recognise Aristotle's distinction between the Agora of the Freeman and the Agora of the Merchants. It will be observed, however, that both squares came to be surrounded by buildings with deep porches in which the citizens could find shelter from sun or rain and protection from or exposure to the breezes according to the needs of the season and the hour.

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 1. A SCALE MODEL OF THE STOA OF ATTALUS, WHICH IS NOW NEARLY COMPLETELY REBUILT IN THE AGORA. ONE OF THE LATEST DISCOVERIES AND MOST CURIOUS FEATURES FOR A BUILDING OF THIS PERIOD IS THE LUNETTE ARCH IN THE END GABLE.

quarter of a century, broken by a five-year interval during World War II, the major part of the undertaking has been completed. An area of 25 acres at the north-west foot of the Acropolis and in the heart of the modern capital has been stripped of some 360 nineteenth-century dwellings, whose 5000 inhabitants have found new homes in the suburbs (Figs. 4 and 5). Silt and debris, which had accumulated to an average depth of 10 ft. and a maximum depth of 40 ft., have been stripped away and carted to outlying parts of the city. Virtually the whole area of the ancient square has been exposed, together with the public buildings which bordered it to west, east and south. The north side of the square is now seen to lie outside the limits of the original concession which were laid down at a time when the position of the Agora was still very imperfectly known; this gap, it is hoped, will be closed by the acquisition and excavation of additional property to the north of the Athens-Piræus Electric Railway which bounds the northern edge of the area already cleared.

Large districts to the south and west of the Agora proper have yielded remains of private houses, metal-working establishments, sculptors' workshops and many burials of the Bronze and Early Iron Ages. Towards the east the present excavation goes little beyond the limits of the Agora of the classical period; it will be desirable some day to extend the excavation in this direction also, so as to follow the subsequent expansion of the old market-place which culminated in the two great colonnaded buildings of the Roman period, the Market of Caesar and Augustus and the Library of Hadrian, already partially exposed.



FIG. 2. THE KEY TO THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE AGORA OF ATHENS AT ABOUT A.D. 200, SEEN FROM THE NORTH-EAST—WHICH IS REPRODUCED ON PAGES 22-23.

KEY: (1) Acropolis; (2) Areopagus (Mars' Hill); (3) Pnyx; (4) Monument of Philopappus; (5) Temple of Hephaestus (Theseum); (6) Hellenistic building (Arsenal?); (7) Stoa of Zeus; (8) Temple of Apollo Patroos; (9) Metroon (archives); (10) Monument of the Eponymous Heroes; (11) Altar of Zeus Agoraios (?); (12) Bouleuterion (Council House); (13) Gateway to Bouleuterion; (14) Tholos; (15) Strategion (?) (War Office); (16) Sculptors' workshops; (17) S.W. Fountain House; (18) Heliaia (?) (Law court); (19) S.E. Fountain House; (20) Argyrokopeion (?) (Mint); (21) Nymphæum; (22) Middle Stoa; (23) East Stoa; (24) South Stoa; (25) Eleusinion; (26) Library of Pantainos; (27) Stoa of Attalus; (28) Bema (Speaker's platform); (29) Market of Caesar and Augustus; (30) North-east Stoa; (31) Stoa Poikile; (32) Gateway; (33) Stoa of the Herms; (34) Altar of the Twelve Gods; (35) Temple of Ares; (36) Statues of the Tyrannicides (?); (37) Odeion of Agrippa; (38) South-west Temple; (39) Civic offices; (40) Panathenaic Way. Note: Buildings numbered 31-33 have not yet been excavated.



FIG. 3. THE AGORA OF ATHENS AS IT IS TO-DAY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, WITH ALL THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS AND FOUNDATIONS REVEALED. THE STANDING TEMPLE IS THAT OF HEPHAESTUS, ONCE CALLED THE THESEUM, THE CIRCULAR FOUNDATION THAT OF THE THOLOS—THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE COUNCILLORS OF ANCIENT ATHENS.



# THE AGORA OF ATHENS IN 1931 AND 1956; AND THE REBUILT STOA OF ATTALUS TO-DAY.



FIG. 4. BEFORE THE CLEARING OF THE AGORA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1931. MT. LYCABETTUS IS IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND, THE ACROPOLIS ON THE RIGHT.

*Continued.]*

The recovery of the history and the design of the Athenian Agora is of interest to the student of architecture and of town planning. Here was the focal-point of the highly concentrated and very intense community life of the city state. "There are twice ten thousand Athenian citizens in all," says a writer of the fourth century B.C., "and every one of them goes about the Agora engaged on some business or other whether public or private." And the orator Æschines reminds his audience that "the memorials of all your great deeds are set up in the Agora." A still more intimate historical interest attaches to the Athenian Agora by reason of the fact that so many of the great names of Athens are associated with the place. We may be sure that Cimon, Pericles, Nicias and Cleon were frequent visitors to the administrative buildings, especially the Tholos and the Bouleuterion. Socrates strolled in the Stoa of Zeus; the tub of Diogenes the Cynic is said to have stood in the Metroon; the Stoa Poikile gave its name, the Stoic, to the school of philosophy that was founded in its shade by Zeno of Cyprus.

*[Continued opposite.]*



FIG. 5. AFTER THE EXCAVATIONS: THE SAME VIEW, FROM THE SAME SOUTH-WEST POSITION, BUT TAKEN IN JUNE 1956. THE REBUILT STOA OF ATTALUS APPEARS IN THE CENTRE.



FIG. 6. IN THE INTERIOR OF THE LOWER COLONNADE OF THE REBUILT STOA OF ATTALUS. A MOSAIC FLOOR WILL BE LAID.

*Continued.]*

In the middle of the open space, long before the permanent theatre of Dionysus was built, were given dramatic performances, including the earlier plays of Æschylus. One may thus regard this 8-acre plot, if not as the birthplace, at any rate as the cradle of European democracy, philosophy and drama. As the actual excavating nears an end, the area is being put into shape for the future. After due study and recording, many of the earlier and less sturdy foundations have been reburied. Those foundations that are to remain exposed have been filled out sufficiently to make them intelligible to the visitor. The adjacent hillsides are being planted with native shrubs and wild flowers, while a few large trees, especially poplar, plane, olive and oak, are being set out at carefully chosen spots within the square to provide shelter for the visitor and to remind him that in antiquity also there had been shade trees in the Agora (Figs. 3 and 5). All the material found in the excavation, comprising over 65,000 catalogued objects, is to remain on the spot so that it may be studied in immediate conjunction with the place where it was used. To provide a permanent museum, one of the ancient buildings is being reconstructed, viz., the Stoa of Attalus, erected by Attalus II, King of Pergamon, 159-138 B.C.

*[Continued below, centre.]*

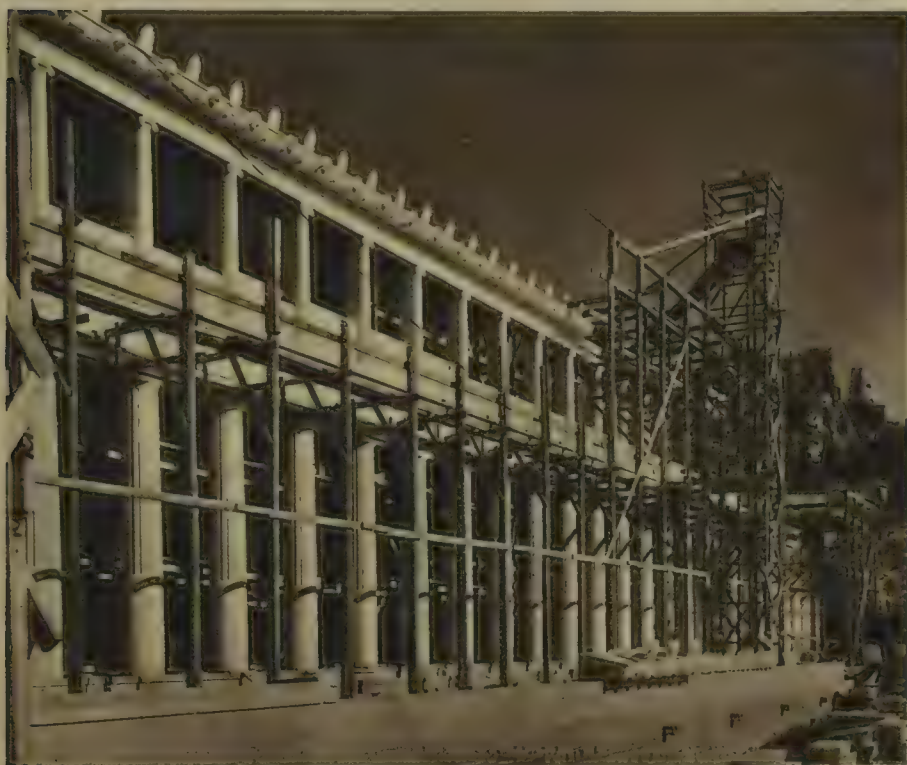


FIG. 7. THE FACADE OF THE STOA DURING RECONSTRUCTION. THE ACROPOLIS APPEARS IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND. THE LOWER, DORIC, COLUMNS ARE 17 FT. HIGH AND LIGHTLY FACETED IN THE LOWER THIRD.

*Continued.]*

the formal dedication of the building at the beginning of September 1956. Even in its present incomplete state the reconstruction is making intelligible to the visitor the scheme of this most characteristic type of

*Continued.]*

(Figs. 2, 6, 7, 8). This two-storeyed colonnade with a marble façade 382 ft. in length had closed the east side of the principal square. The twenty-one shops on each of its two floors were undoubtedly among the most fashionable in town, while its deep, cool colonnades (Fig. 6) provided an ample promenade for the citizens. The reconstruction was begun in the summer of 1953; it is anticipated that the work will be sufficiently advanced to permit

*[Continued below, left.]*



FIG. 8. MAKING A COLUMN DRUM FOR THE STOA: A GREEK MASON INCORPORATING AN ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF MARBLE INTO THE NEW MARBLE. THIS IS BEING DONE THROUGHOUT THE BUILDING.

ancient Greek civic architecture and is illustrating in a most effective way the provision made for dignified and agreeable intercourse in the Agora of the ancient city state.





"THE CRADLE OF EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY, PHILOSOPHY AND DRAMA": THE MARKET-PLACE OF ATHENS AS IT WAS AT ABOUT A.D. 200, THE PERIOD OF ITS GREATEST SPLENDOUR.

On page 20 Professor Homer A. Thompson, the field director of the Agora Excavations in Athens, writes of the area shown in this reconstruction drawing: "One may thus regard this eight-acre plot, if not as the birthplace, at any rate as the cradle of European democracy, philosophy and drama. Here, as he points out, were the haunts of Cimon, Pericles, Nicias and Cleon. Here stood the statue of the Tyrannicides—whose act was a landmark in the birth of Athenian democracy. Socrates frequented the Stoa of Zeus; the tub of Diogenes the Cynic stood in the Metroon; and the Stoa Poikile was the birthplace as well as the origin of the name of the Stoic philosophy. And the first plays, including some of the earlier works of Æschylus, were acted here before

the Theatre of Dionysus was built. Looking down on the Agora are the Acropolis, where classic art and architecture reached their perfection; and the Areopagus, Mars' Hill, where the new birth, the revivifying light of Christianity, reached the classic world in the sermons of St. Paul. Our artist's reconstruction drawing shows the Agora as it was in about A.D. 200 in its fullest physical splendour and magnificence. At this time the glories of the classic ages still stood unaltered for the most part, and to them had been added the rich and pompous monuments of Hellenistic and Roman benefactors. In a little more than half a century these splendours were to be destroyed, for in A.D. 267 Athens was sacked and burnt by the Herulians, a barbarian tribe

from the north, and the Agora lay waste for a hundred years. The site itself had been occupied since before 3000 B.C.; and Neolithic, Mycenaean and Geometric remains have been found in the excavations of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens; but it was not until about 600 B.C. that the area was designated as the Agora of Athens. Its first great period of development seems to have been under the tyrant Peisistratus; and this was carried on under Cleisthenes at the end of the sixth century. There was much rebuilding after the Persian attack of 480-79 B.C. and the Temple of Hephaestus probably dates from Pericles' time. Further development took place in the fourth century under Lycurgus; and in the mid-second century Attalus, King of

Pergamon, built the great Stoa and other buildings. In the time of Augustus (27 B.C. to A.D. 14) the huge Odeion of Agrippa and the Temple of Ares were built; and this really concludes the architectural development of the site. After the hundred years of desolation the site was redeveloped in about A.D. 400 with the growth of the University of Athens, but after the closing of the Schools of Philosophy by Justinian (A.D. 529) and later barbarian invasions, the area was gradually abandoned, until by the tenth century it became a residential area and so remained until the excavations which are now concluding began in 1931. Photographs of the Agora and a numbered key identifying the buildings shown in this reconstruction drawing appear on pages 20-21.

*Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Alan Sorell, with the co-operation of Professor Homer A. Thompson.*



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SECOND EMPIRE ELEGANCE.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THIS exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery is uncommonly beguiling—I think that is the right word to use—and for several reasons; drawings by Guys have grace and wit, without touching the heart, they are good reporting by an acute and unsentimental observer of the human tragi-comedy, they have, as it were, substance without weight, that indefinable quality we call style, springing, it seems, from an inborn gift rather than from laborious study. Then there is the elusive character of the man himself, his horror of publicity, his apparently careless but indefatigable industry, his wanderlust, his romanticism, his absurd disregard for money and fame, his independent spirit.

He has, of course, a particular interest for *The Illustrated London News*, for he began to work for this paper not later than 1845 and is remembered particularly for the vivid little drawings he sent home from the Crimea to be translated into wood blocks, of scenes at Inkerman, Balaklava, and Sebastopol. And how strange a life! He was born in 1802 at Flushing, where his father was *commissaire de marine*, a French office stationed there to help build up Napoleon's invasion fleet. After that the story goes that he volunteered to help the Greeks in their War of

of the ivory tower in which the brothers Goncourt had immured themselves! This is what they report: "A little man with little grey moustachios, quite unremarkable to look at; but from within, through his eyes, through his voice, there come flashes of lightning that reveal a terrifying energy and the temper of his character, born and bred to hardship." We have one other glimpse of him to show the consistency of his character. In 1885 an erect, forceful little old



GUYS AS A SOCIAL RECORDER: "FEMME EN ROBE BLANCHE, ENTOUREE D'HOMMES."



CONSTANTIN GUYS (1805-1892), AS WELL AS BEING A BRILLIANT WAR ARTIST, ALSO SERVED IN THE FRENCH ARMY; AND THIS "TRIBUNAL MILITAIRE" MAY BELONG TO EITHER ASPECT OF HIS LIFE.

Independence and was at Missolonghi at the same time as Byron. Then he joins the Dragoons, serves in North Africa, becomes an N.C.O. and leaves the Army in 1830—an experience which no doubt accounts for his love of horses and of military pomp and ceremony. We next hear of him in London, soon after the accession of Queen Victoria, as tutor in French and Drawing to the family of Thomas Girtin's son, Dr. T. C. Girtin, whose grandson is among those who have lent drawings to the exhibition. Thackeray seems to have discovered his quality and to have written about him; the result was an indignant protest from the volatile and irascible Guys, but so far, in spite of intensive research, no one has yet laid hands upon the offending article. In France he was ignored by the public but appreciated by artists, among them Manet. He was friendly with that most sensitive of critics, Charles Baudelaire, but here again his obsession with anonymity nearly deprived us of a penetrating study of his work. He agreed at length that Baudelaire should write about him provided he was referred to merely as M.G., and the result was the "Peintre de la Vie Moderne" which appeared in the *Figaro* in the 1860's.

The crowd is his element," wrote Baudelaire, "just as the air is the bird's, as the water is the fish's. . . . The observer is a prince who always preserves his incognito." Again, Baudelaire reports this outburst from Guys: "Any man, not overwhelmed by some devastating sorrow, and who is bored in the midst of the multitude, is a blockhead! a blockhead! and I despise him!" How he must have disturbed the airless atmosphere

they had served their turn. They can be classified roughly as follows: First, there are the drawings obviously made as newspaper illustrations—vivid evocations of a particular moment of time, often carefully annotated with notes for caption writer and wood-block cutter. For example, "Russian prisoners on board *The Fury*. See for details the large sketch of which this is but a reduction," or a drawing of Captain Smith's Hospital Wagon, beneath which is an elaborate description of its construction. All these are first-class reporting but, as is natural enough, not invariably finished drawings; one of them though, in pen and brown ink, with sepia wash and water-colour, of the Balaklava Railway, is to my mind extremely impressive—a sombre study of weary men plodding along with the

rations, which could almost have been done by Muirhead Bone behind the lines in France in the First World War. That reminds me—for all their differences of temperament and subject these two fine draughtsmen, Constantin Guys and Muirhead Bone, seem to share this gift in common—the ability to begin at one side of a sheet of paper and finish at the other with everything exactly and inevitably balanced in between.

Guys was no landscapist nor portraitist; people in crowds were his main concern, and these crowds he organised with the lively talent of a Rowlandson. His single figures—when he took the trouble—are charming types, but scarcely portraits. The remainder of his vast output, not obviously done for newspaper illustration, though doubtless much of it was, can be divided into scenes of high and low life and of military and state spectacle. He has left an unforgettable memory of the elegance of the Bois de Boulogne in the days of Napoleon III and of the fashionable life of the time. The fact that he had his own peculiarly sparkling nervous formula for men and women, horses and carriages, has been known to disconcert those who expect literal naturalism in every detail; his horses, for all his love of them, are very nearly impossible. For what animal could survive on legs as thin as needles? The answer is, of course, that he is concerned to indicate movement and not—except in rare instances—to give us the equivalent of a photograph. His scenes of low life seem to me less satisfactory, the figures as often as not unrealised in the round, as if he were a trifle bored by them.

One point of considerable interest still remains to be cleared up; it is referred to by Mr. Bruno Streiff in his introduction to the catalogue and will doubtless be elaborated in his forthcoming monograph on the painter. Baudelaire, who knew him as well as so mercurial a person could be known, says he did not begin to draw until he was forty. This seems very unlikely. That he had no formal instruction is possible, but that so sure and lively a style could have been achieved without long practice is difficult to believe. Finally, who is going to dig out from some forgotten periodical the missing article by Thackeray which caused Guys such annoyance?

Since the above was written the following sidelight upon his London days has been discovered from the private account book for the years 1845-47 of Herbert Ingram, the founder of *The Illustrated London News*—the only early account book surviving.

The book records the payment to Guys of £20 on March 27, 1845, £3 on April 9 for expenses, and £20 on April 20. After July 5 there are regular payments of two guineas per week up to the end of 1847. There is a break in these regular payments from July 28 until September 8, 1845, but on July 28 there is the record of "£20 for Germany." We may perhaps deduce from this that until July of that year Guys had been a free-lance and had then been recognised as a



TYPICAL OF THE BRILLIANT VIGNETTES WHICH GUYS SENT BACK FROM THE CRIMEAN WAR TO *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*: "BRITISH CAVALRY IN FRONT OF BALAKLAVA, CRIMEAN WAR." LIKE THE OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON THIS PAGE, THIS IS ONE OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE CURRENT CONSTANTIN GUYS EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY IN OLD BOND STREET.

regular contributor. Two guineas in the 1840's would probably have been equal to about fifteen guineas to-day, and £20 would have been amply sufficient for a not over-extravagant month in Germany.



# ROUND THE GALLERIES: PICASSO AND VALADON.



A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT OF HER ARTIST SON: "PORTRAIT OF MAURICE UTRILLO," BY SUZANNE VALADON (1865-1938). SIGNED AND DATED 1921. (Oil; 25½ by 20½ ins.)

The three paintings by Suzanne Valadon reproduced above are part of an exhibition of her work—the first to be devoted to her in this country—at the Leffevre Gallery, Bruton Street, from June 28 to July 28. As a young woman she was a trapeze artist, but after an accident became an artist's model and then, with Degas' encouragement, began painting, and has achieved considerable fame in France. She was the mother of Maurice Utrillo.



"FLOWERS IN A BLUE VASE," BY SUZANNE VALADON. FROM THE CURRENT "ONE-MAN" EXHIBITION OF HER WORK. (Oil; 25½ by 21 ins.)

# OLD MASTERS: CONSTABLE AND GEORGE MORLAND.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST," BY SUZANNE VALADON. SIGNED AND DATED 1927, WHEN SHE WAS SIXTY-TWO. (Oil; 24½ by 19½ ins.)



"PEASANTS AND HORSES NEAR AN OLD INN," BY GEORGE MORLAND (1763-1804). TO BE SEEN IN A FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION AT THE LEGGATT BROS. GALLERY. (18½ by 24 ins.)



"THE VALE OF DEDHAM," BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). A DELIGHTFUL PAINTING WHICH CAME ORIGINALLY FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST'S FAMILY. (20½ by 24½ ins.)

These two paintings, by Morland and Constable, are from the exhibition of Old Master paintings which is due to open on July 16 at the galleries of Leggatt Bros., 30, St. James's Street. These two works form a very interesting contrast: Morland and Constable were approximately contemporary and yet these paintings belong to two distinct centuries of painting, Constable pointing forward to the impressionists.



FROM THE CURRENT ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION: "PICASSO: FIFTY YEARS OF GRAPHIC ART." AN AQUATINT OF AN OSTRICH, 1942.

The three aquatints are among the 355 examples of Picasso's prints exhibited at the Arts Council galleries at 4, St. James's Square, during the period June 22 to August 5. The exhibition is called "Picasso: Fifty Years of Graphic Art," and ranges from an etching of 1904 to a dry-point of 1956.



A RAM: ANOTHER OF THE 31 AQUATINTS WHICH PICASSO DID IN 1942 TO ILLUSTRATE A SPECIAL EDITION OF "BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY."



"LA BICHE—THE FAWN": ANOTHER OF PICASSO'S AQUATINTS FOR BUFFON. ALL THREE ARE THE SAME SIZE—15 BY 11½ INS.





# ANOTHER THREATENED OXFORD BEAUTY AND AMENITY: THE COLLEGE BOAT CLUB

For many years one of the greatest beauties of the Isis at Oxford has been the long row of elegant barges, lining Christ Church meadow near the finishing-point of the bumping races. These barges, vessels owing much to the old City Company floats and to Edwardian houseboats, have long been the property of the boating clubs of the various colleges and have been used as dressing-rooms and as grandstands from which to watch the racing. In 1936 Christ Church, whose barge was in a bad state, decided not to replace it, but to build a boat-house instead. Later Magdalen and Trinity gave up their barges and built a joint boat-house; and were followed in this by Worcester and Merton. Now New College and Balliol plan to

give up their barges for a joint boat-house; Queen's, Lincoln and Oriel will likewise share a boat-house; and Brasenose and Exeter also plan to "abandon ship" and double-up in a boat-house. University College are expected eventually to take over the present University Boat Club building and will presumably dispense with their barge. Among the most likely survivors of the college barges are Keble (one of the most beautiful of them), Corpus Christi, Hertford, Jesus, Pembroke, St. John's and Wadham. The case against the barges rests, it appears, on the following points. Oars but not boats are kept in them, and they are used as dressing-rooms—which makes for some inconvenience for rowing men, who have to change in



# BARGES ON THE ISIS, A TRADITIONAL FEATURE LIKELY TO DISAPPEAR SOON.

the barge and then walk to a boat kept elsewhere. In fact, as the President of the O.U.B.C. says: "Boat-houses are more efficient. The disappearance of the barges is a sign of the fact that there is no longer a leisured class at Oxford." (Whether rowing-men could ever be described as a leisured class seems debatable.) The barges are also said to narrow the river—which is indisputable. They are also described as a constant wasting asset and a permanent expense; and some fear the possibility of a disaster with a large crowd of spectators on the roof of an old barge. As regards the finance of barges versus boat-houses, Mr. V. Davidge, treasurer of the O.U.B.C. and senior treasurer of the Keble College B.C., has been reported as saying:

"No figures have been produced which in my opinion have proved that in the long run a boat-house is any cheaper than a barge." Mr. A. H. Smith, Warden of New College, while not seeing any future for the barges, deplored their loss and hoped that in the boat-houses which were being built some of the charm and grace of the barges would be preserved, and said, "I still regret the barges, but I do think we are doing the best we can to reproduce a little of their fantasy." But all those thousands who through the years have witnessed the splendour of Eights Week and the misery of Torpids from the roof of a college barge will agree with the old waterman who said: "There isn't anything in the whole world like a barge."





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### AFRICAN BUFFALO.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

**B**UFFALOES are found over nearly all Africa, south of the Sahara. Some fifty years ago, a widespread and sudden epidemic of rinderpest, contracted from domestic cattle grazing over their feeding-grounds, almost decimated them over the greater part of South and East Africa. This blow followed a period when throughout most of their former territory, the buffalo had been wiped out or drastically reduced in numbers by hunting. Such are their powers of recovery, however, that in many areas the numbers are again high, in some places perhaps too high.

The typical African buffalo is the Cape buffalo, heavily-built yet surprisingly agile for its bulk. Five feet at the shoulder, its coat is black and short-haired. The characteristic feature is, however, the broad-based horns, almost meeting in the middle of the head to form a thick boss over the forehead, whence the ends curve down and out, and in again at the tips, with a maximum span of 56 inches. There is a second buffalo, known as the bush-cow, in West Africa, a more lightly-built animal, less than 4 ft. at the shoulder. The accepted range of the bush-cow is the equatorial forest belt—from Senegal east to the Eastern Congo—whence the alternative name, forest buffalo. Its coat is reddish-brown, its horns much smaller than those of the Cape buffalo and lying back in the plane of the forehead instead of growing out sideways.

To all appearances there are here two distinct species of buffalo, for not only do they differ in size and colour of coat, as well as in the horns, but they differ in habits, too. The Cape buffalo is gregarious, living in herds of 10 to 30, although they may muster 50 or 60 or, exceptionally, 100. Where smaller groups or isolated individuals are seen, they are usually males driven from the herd by combat with the dominant male or leader. The bush-cow, or forest or dwarf buffalo, as it is also called, is found in herds of 10 to 20. There is an obvious disadvantage in numbers when moving about among trees, as, for example, the possibility of injuring each other in the event of a sudden stampede. The set of the horns is also related to the forest habit. To have the horns lying backwards instead of sideways makes for greater ease in pushing head-first through dense undergrowth. It is a characteristic of other forest-dwellers.

In spite of this apparently easy distinction between the Cape buffalo and the bush-cow, there has been a considerable controversy over their classification. Taking Africa as a whole, there appear to be numerous forms of these buffaloes, differing especially in the size and shape of the horns, in the size of the body as measured by height at the shoulders, in the colour of the coat, in habits and habitat. The opinions of various writers, quoted in chronological order, reflect the great disagreement in this matter. Brooke, in 1875, recognised three species; Trouessart, in 1898, thought there were four; while Matschie, in 1906, distinguished fifteen species. Lydeker, in 1913, was prepared to admit only a single species, but with twenty-one local races. Between 1929 and 1949, opinion, as expressed by a succession of authoritative writers, hovered between two and three species, but in 1943, Rode had decided there

was a single species with three races, and in 1954 Blancou also came to hold the view that there was a single species only.

The latest contribution to the discussion is contained in a survey by Paul Dalimier, in "Les Buffles du Congo Belge." His conclusions are



A CHARACTERISTIC AFRICAN SCENE: BUFFALOES WITH THEIR ATTENDANT EGRETS OR TICK-BIRDS WHICH RELIEVE THE ANIMALS OF SKIN PARASITES AND, INCIDENTALLY, GIVE THE BUFFALOES WARNING OF APPROACHING DANGER.



NOT NORMALLY AGGRESSIVE, BUT VERY CURIOUS: TWO AFRICAN BUFFALOES TAKING A LOOK AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER. ALTHOUGH THEY PRESENT A FORMIDABLE ASPECT WITH THEIR POWERFUL BODIES AND SPITEFULLY HOOKED HORNS, THEIR FIRST IMPULSE IS TO FLEE RATHER THAN ATTACK, THOUGH IF CORNERED THEY WILL FIGHT FIERCELY.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo-Belge.

based upon the examination of a large number of skulls and skins in museums, and of the live animals in zoos; and on observation of the beasts in various habitats in the wild. He comes to the view that there is no significant difference between the Cape buffalo and the bush-cow in the details of their anatomy. It seems very clear from the evidence he brings together that, too often, names have been given to races or species on the basis of a single specimen, without regard to its age or sex. It is implicit, also, in his remarks that too little notice has been taken of the relation between the animal and its habitat.

Although the horns of the Cape buffalo and those of the bush-cow present forms that are seemingly constant, there are numerous intermediates between the two extremes they represent. Dalimier draws a comparison with the Indian buffalo. In that there are not only remarkable differences between the buffaloes of India and those of the Philippines, but even between those of the Deccan and the relatively neighbouring Kathiawar. The variations in the shapes of the

horns can no more serve to distinguish species in the African buffaloes than in the Indian, which nobody has suggested is anything but a single species.

In the colour of the coat, the buffalo of the African savannah varies typically from a dark grey to black, while the buffalo of the forest varies typically from tawny to reddish-brown. On the other hand, in the herds of reddish buffalo there are found individuals that are black or dark brown. These are chiefly young. Similar variations are found in the herds with coats mainly black. This confirms the opinion expressed by Lydeker, that there is great local variation in the colour of the coat as well as in size of body, and in shape and size of horns.

Buffaloes normally live near water, for they must have drink daily. By day they lie up in swampy reed beds or thick bush, grazing only at night. Their sole natural enemy is the lion, which will occasionally kill a cow or a young animal, but

is unlikely to tackle a bull, except when hunting in a troop. Even then, lions have been known to get the worst of the encounter. It is usually said of the African buffalo that its behaviour is in keeping with its appearance—ugly. A wounded or harassed buffalo, especially if followed into the bush, where it can hide and lie in wait for the hunter, is a difficult beast to stop in a charge. With its head up, the flat bases of the horn protect the brain, and the animal reappears at such close range, and presses home its attack with such determination that many experienced hunters have found themselves in severe difficulties.

That is the usual statement, but Dalimier gives us a slightly different picture, for he states categorically that the buffalo is not aggressive unless closely harassed or wounded. Even then its first impulse is to flee rather than attack. What makes it dangerous, and this is an opinion gathered from several with experience of the animal, is a particular tactic it uses. Having fled in a certain direction, it makes a sudden turnabout and comes back in something of a semicircle towards its original line of flight. Then it stops behind a bush or some other shelter, hiding from its pursuer. The buffalo is not lacking in

courage and will sell its life dearly, and much of its reputation for an ugly disposition is due to the contrast between its naturally placid behaviour when not threatened and the raging tornado it resembles when brought to bay. So, the hunter who is unfamiliar with this pattern of behaviour, or for any other reason chooses to approach the buffalo when it has gone into hiding after doubling back on its tracks, is asking for trouble. The animal is not deliberately lying in wait, merely hiding up, although the result is likely to be the same as if it were indeed acting from malice aforethought.



## AT A NEW PLATYPUSSARY: WATCHING THE WORLD'S STRANGEST ANIMALS.



IN THE 20-FT.-LONG TANK: A PLATYPUS PADDLING ALONG THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. THE RAISED TANK AFFORDS AN UNDERWATER VIEW.



DIVING FOR FOOD: A PLATYPUS IN THE GLASS TANK WHICH IS CONNECTED WITH TUNNELS AND CHAMBERS WHICH OPEN INTO A SWIMMING-POOL.



FLOWING PAST THE PLATYPUSSARY: BADGER CREEK, INTO WHICH CORRIE ESCAPED LAST AUTUMN AND WHERE SHE IS STILL BELIEVED TO BE.



DESIGNED TO PERMIT THE PUBLIC TO OBSERVE, WITHOUT DISTURBING, THE ANTICS OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST ANIMALS: THE NEW TANK.



MEETING THE PRESS: THE PLATYPUSES ARE HELD BRIEFLY BY MRS. ACOCK AND MR. J. PINCHES, DIRECTOR OF THE SANCTUARY.

The platypus, which is found only in Australia, is one of the world's strangest living creatures. It has fur, a duck bill, webbed feet, lays eggs, suckles its young, and is equally at home on land or in the water. At the end of last year a new platypussary, the only one of its kind in the world, was officially opened at the Sir Colin Mackenzie Sanctuary at Healesville, fifty miles from Melbourne, Victoria. The occasion was, however, marred by the absence of *Corrie*, the only platypus ever to have been born in captivity, who had escaped some three months earlier into Badger Creek, which flows past the



AT THE AGE OF A FEW WEEKS: CORRIE, A FEMALE PLATYPUS BORN IN 1944, AS SHE APPEARED WHEN A FEW WEEKS OLD. (Photograph by David Fleay.)

platypussary. The new glass exhibition tank, which forms part of the platypussary, is 20 ft. long, 3 ft. wide and 3 ft. high. An ingenious system of lighting enables spectators to stand within a few inches of the tank and obtain an excellent view of the animals swimming and diving, while the platypuses are unaware that they are being watched. This is a great advantage, as platypuses are very shy and, as a rule, do not like being watched. *Corrie*, however, was an exception, and would roll on her back playfully and cling with her feet to a proffered hand.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



**S**TAYING on a dairy farm during the past fortnight, I have become very conscious of a singularly job-jargon word or phrase, and of the highly im-

portant thing which it denotes—lactation—period of lactation. In other words, the length of time between producing one calf and the next, during which a cow continues to give milk. I gather that the length of time that a lactation lasts varies somewhat, and doubtless the longer it lasts the better for the farmer, and apparently there are cases on record of cows who, ignoring the natural average length of the "period of lactation," carry on "in profit" for several years after producing one first and only calf. How long will it be, I wonder, before agricultural scientists arrive at a method of producing this useful state of affairs, at will, by the use of hormones, shall we say. In flower gardening there is a factor not unlike the period of lactation in dairy farming for which I have coined the almost equally hideous name "floration"—the "period of floration," that is the length of time during which a plant will remain continuously in flower. But having cooked up, and used this abominable term once, I intend never to use it again. And I hope no one else will, ever.

At the Chelsea Flower Show this year I had a most interesting conversation with a keen amateur gardener, who was most emphatic on the importance of growing a large proportion of plants which carry on flowering for as long as possible, especially in small and medium-sized gardens, which I gathered that hers is. She pointed out how important it is that nursery-men should state in their catalogues the months during which the plants described may be expected to remain in flower. I heartily agree. And I am under the impression that a fair number of the best catalogues do give this information, though I have not had an opportunity of verifying how many of them, and which. And I am ashamed to add that I can not now remember how consistently or not I carried out this plan in the catalogues which I published from my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage, though I did give a good deal of miscellaneous, and I hope useful, information. I would tell, for instance, if a plant was difficult to grow, or a lime hater, and I remember once describing a plant briefly and truthfully as "hideously ugly."

In a small garden it is especially important to grow a reasonably large proportion of plants which remain in flower over as long a time as possible. At the same time, however, there are a good number of plants which admittedly have a very brief flowering season, and yet are so outstandingly beautiful that any true flower-lover would find it hard to discard them on that account. Who, for instance, would willingly go without a single peony in his garden, no matter how small it was. But how difficult would be the choice of variety. Personally, if I only had limited garden space at my disposal, I would choose one of the herbaceous species or varieties of peony, rather than any of the tree or shrubby sorts, as that would allow for spring bulbs beneath or among the peony growth, and, in addition, a lily or two or some other tallish, bulbous plant such as the stately galtonia, to tower above the peony leaves later in the year.

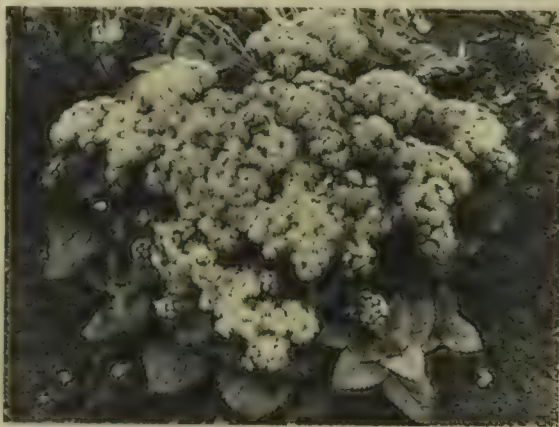
Perhaps the most long-flowering of all classes of plants are those which in Victorian days were used for bedding out. They were chosen then for that

## PERIOD OF FLORATION.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

very reason. To-day many of these plants can prove invaluable in maintaining a show of colour in the garden from early summer until autumn intervenes, rudely, but perhaps mercifully, for I can not help thinking that perpetual summer and summer pageantry of colour would in the end become a tedious bore.

Where the old bedding plants are concerned most gardeners prefer nowadays to plant and group them in an informal way rather than in the geometrical patterns of Victorian times. Often they are massed and grouped among the hardy perennials in the herbaceous border, and used in this way they can be tremendously effective. In other cases they may be used in the more or less formal beds which seem so appropriate in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, though here, though the beds may be formal, the planting may be as irregular and informal as you please. Treat such plants as though they are



**AGERATUM**—A POPULAR BEDDING-OUT PLANT WITH A LONG-FLOWERING PERIOD WHICH MR. ELLIOTT RECOMMENDS FOR MASSING IN HERBACEOUS BORDERS. HE ALSO NOTES HOW HAPPY A COMBINATION IT MAKES WITH "LOVE-IN-A-MIST."

Photographs by J. E. Downward.

plants, with ways and wills of their own, and they will repay you by sloughing off all unhappy associations of ideas—memories of geometrical Victorian beds with scarlet geraniums surrounded by prim and tortured edgings of yellow calceolarias and blue lobelias. Those yellow calceolarias are about the only plants of my Victorian childhood which I hated then and still detest, no matter how or where they are grown and grouped. This is not due to association of ideas.



**ONE OF THE BELLADONNA GROUP OF DELPHINIUMS: "PINK SENSATION."** MR. ELLIOTT RECOMMENDS THIS GROUP FOR THEIR LONG-FLOWERING SEASON AND THEIR GRACEFUL BRANCHED HABIT.

I just dislike them.

On the other hand, I greatly admire many of the "geraniums"—i.e., the zonal pelargoniums, and like to grow as many as I can winter on window-sills in the house. But I have my likes and dislikes among them, and refuse to be carried away by certain varieties just because they are "antiques." As to the blue bedding lobelias, I have seen them used with splendid effect, planted out as pools and blue lagoons under tall perennials in herbaceous borders. I have seen them massed, too, with charming effect in mixed colours, pale and dark blue, white, pink, and reddish-lilac.

Relatively few of the hardy herbaceous perennials give a long continued display of colour. The perennial delphiniums will usually give a second generation of flower spikes if cut down directly the first lot are over, and not allowed to set seed. I refer now to the tall, modern varieties. For an almost continuous succession of blossom, however, the dwarf belladonna varieties are invaluable, growing about 3 or 4 ft. tall with rather branched stems, and with their flowers strung out upon the stems in a far more graceful manner than in the densely-packed spikes of the modern giants. Among the belladonna delphiniums there are both single- and double-flowered varieties, in colours ranging from sky and Cambridge blue to gentian, sapphire and Oxford blue. An annual of which I am extremely

fond, and which has an all-summer flowering season, is *ageratum*, with its velvety flower-heads of paler or darker lavender blue. For massing in the herbaceous border the taller-growing varieties are, I think, best. Last summer I noticed in a border in the garden at St. Nicholas at Richmond, in Yorkshire, a patch of *ageratum* growing among a mass of the soft sky-blue "Miss Willmott" love-in-a-mist. The group had the appearance of being spontaneous, though more probably it was one of Mr. Robert James's strokes of garden genius. However it was, it was a colour picture which has lived in my memory most vividly ever since.

One of the most hard-working hardy perennials that I know is *Scabiosa caucasica*, with its great lavender-blue blossoms on their wiry, workman-like stems, and the more you gather those flowers the more the plants are spurred to further production. But it is no use trying to name all the plants likely to keep the garden gay with colour from spring till autumn. Part of the fascination of the game of gardening is finding these things out by

studying nurserymen's catalogues, by reading the innumerable books on gardening which are continually being published, and, of course, by consulting one or other—or all—of the gardening papers. One plant, however, I must mention, a shrub, which has made its appearance among us during the last five or six years, and which has impressed me more and more as I have got to know it better as an invaluable and most beautiful all-summer flowerer. This is *Potentilla fruticosa arbuscula*. It makes a spreading bush a foot or two high and 3 or 4 ft. through, and from May until autumn it carries innumerable quantities of blossom like small single roses, or big strawberry flowers of a delightful soft yellow. I am a little uncertain about the correctness of the *arbuscula* part of its name, but with a shrub of such prolonged beauty who cares? And yet, I suppose one should care.

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## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



**HELPING TO DRAFT A NEW CONSTITUTION: PROF. K. C. WHEARE.**  
It was reported on June 26 that Professor K. C. Wheare, Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration at Oxford, had been called to London at short notice to help draft a constitution for an unnamed country. He was an adviser to the National Convention of Newfoundland in 1946-47, and to the conferences on Central African Federation held in 1951, 1952, and 1953.



### BOMB-THROWING AT CYPRUS FUNERAL: THE REV. H. MCCLELLAND.

On June 19 Cyprus terrorists threw a bomb at the vehicle which was carrying the Rev. H. McClelland, a chaplain of the Parachute Brigade, to the funeral of the British soldiers who died in the recent forest fire in the Troodos Mountains area. Mr. McClelland escaped injury, but three Greek Cypriot civilians were injured. The funeral took place at the military cemetery outside Nicosia and some sixty wreaths from all ranks were laid on the coffins.



### TO BE C.-IN-C., B.A.O.R.: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DUDLEY WARD.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Lieut.-General Sir Dudley Ward, Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, to be Commander-in-Chief, British Army of the Rhine, from January 1957, it was announced on June 28. He will also hold the N.A.T.O. appointment of Commander, Northern Army Group. The future appointment of the present Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Richard Gale, had not been announced at the time of going to press.



### CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD CRICKET XI: MR. M. J. K. SMITH. CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE SIDE: MR. M. E. L. MELLUISH.

The captains of the Oxford and Cambridge University cricket teams which meet at Lord's on July 6-7 are Mr. Michael Melliush, Cambridge, of Rossall School and Caius College, and Mr. Michael Smith, Oxford, of Stamford School and St. Edmund's Hall, who is also a Rugger Blue and has played Rugby for England. Comment on the prospects of the match has varied, but a good contest is expected. The Australian team beat Cambridge by 10 wickets on May 19-22, and so secured their first success of the season; and later defeated Oxford by eight wickets at Oxford on May 30-June 1.



**ATTACKED AND KILLED AT HER HOME AT NEWMARKET: MISS RACHEL PARSONS, THE HEIRESS OF SIR CHARLES PARSONS.**  
On July 2 Miss Rachel Parsons, the heiress of Sir Charles Parsons and one of the wealthiest women in Britain, was found battered to death at her Newmarket home. She was 68, had studied engineering, became a famous hostess and later was engaged in horse-racing and breeding.



**BRITISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS "WIFFI" SMITH, A BRILLIANT NEW CHAMPION, AND MISS MARY JANSSEN.**  
The final of the British Women's Golf Championship, played at Sunningdale on June 30, was won by Miss "Wiffi" Smith, aged nineteen, who defeated Miss Mary Janssen by 8 and 7. Both are Americans. Miss Smith is a brilliant golfer, and recently took the premier French title.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



### DISMISSED FROM JORDAN POST: MR. G. LANKESTER HARDING.

The Jordan Government decided on June 29 to terminate the services of Mr. G. Lankester Harding, Director of the Department of Antiquities, a post which he has held since 1936. He has been a frequent contributor to *The Illustrated London News*, particularly on the subject of the Dead Sea scrolls, which were found at Qumran. He is author of several books on the Middle East. His engagement ends next October.



### WARTIME HEAD OF U.S. NAVY: THE LATE ADMIRAL E. J. KING.

On June 26 the death occurred of Fleet Admiral E. J. King in a New Hampshire hospital. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Navy when the United States entered the war after Pearl Harbour, and the next year was given the additional post of Chief of Naval Operations. While C.-in-C., the American Navy was built up into the greatest fleet of all time, and the Japanese were defeated in the Pacific, Admiral Nimitz being in command of the Pacific Fleet.



### A GREAT LEGAL ADMINISTRATOR: THE LATE LORD SCHUSTER.

The death occurred on June 28 of Lord Schuster. He was taken ill while attending the Old Wykehamists' dinner in London and died in an ambulance on the way to hospital. Lord Schuster, created 1st Baron of Cerne in 1944, held the important positions of Clerk to the Crown and Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor from 1915 to 1944. This appointment culminated a period of distinguished public service. He was the author and initiator of many legal reforms.



## HABERDASHERS' HALL REBUILT; THE NEW DEAL PIER; AND LONDON ITEMS.

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THE PHOTO-FINISH OF THE GREYHOUND DERBY WITH *DUNMORE KING* WINNING FROM THE DEAD-HEATERS, *DUET LEADER* (2) AND *GULF OF DARIEN* (6). The Greyhound Derby was run at the White City on June 30 and resulted in a win for Mr. J. McAllister's *Dunmore King* (7 to 2) from *Duet Leader* and *Gulf of Darien*, who dead-heated for second place. The favourite, *Northern King*, ran fourth.



A RACE FOR PLASTERERS AND BRICKLAYERS: A NOVEL CONTEST STAGED ON A BUILDING SITE IN KENSINGTON TO TEST A NEW PLASTICISER, WHICH, IT IS CLAIMED, MAKES MORTAR OR PLASTER SPREAD FASTER.



THE FIRST OF THE CITY LIVERY COMPANY HALLS DESTROYED DURING THE WAR, TO BE REBUILT: THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW HABERDASHERS' HALL.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW HABERDASHERS' HALL, IN STAINING LANE, IN THE CITY OF LONDON. THE ARCHITECT IS MAJOR ARTHUR ASH, F.R.I.B.A., WHO BASED HIS DESIGN ON THE OLD HALL.

On June 28 Alderman Ackroyd, the Lord Mayor of London, opened the new Haberdashers' Hall, the third to be built on this site, the first having been burnt in the Great Fire of London, the second destroyed in an incendiary raid in 1940.



DEAL'S NEW PIER IN CONSTRUCTION. THE ACTUAL STRUCTURE, WHICH REPLACES THAT DESTROYED DURING THE WAR, IS OF PRECAST CONCRETE AND SHOULD BE COMPLETED BY SEPTEMBER. THE PAVILION WILL, OF COURSE, TAKE LONGER.



AN EXHIBIT IN THE CURRENT "60 YEARS OF CINEMA" EXHIBITION: "A JAVANESE SHADOW THEATRE," MODELLED BY LOTTE REINIGER. The example shown is one of many in the "60 Years of Cinema" exhibition, organised by Mr. R. Buckle for the *Observer* and open to the public for at least two months from June 8. The centrepiece of the exhibition is the collection brought together in Paris last year by M. Langlois, of Cinématique Française.



## AUCTIONED IN LONDON; FINE ENGLISH SILVER AND A RARE FRENCH PIECE.



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR £2700 IN THE SALE OF SILVER ON JUNE 27: A PAIR OF GEORGE II OVAL CAKE-BASKETS MADE BY PAUL DE LAMERIE IN 1739. (Width, 14½ ins.)



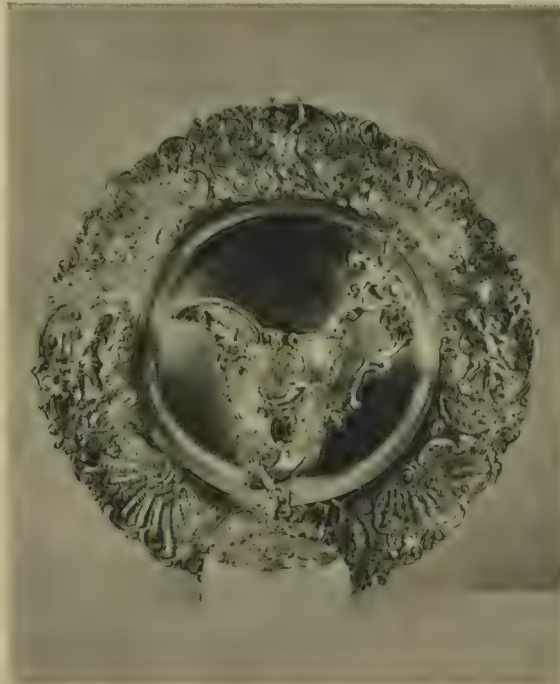
A PAIR OF GEORGE II CUPS AND COVERS WHICH CONTRIBUTED £1550 TO THE TOTAL OF £33,734. THEY ARE BY PAUL DE LAMERIE, 1742. (Height, 15 ins.)



MADE BY JOHN LE SAGE IN 1731: ONE OF TWELVE GEORGE II PLAIN DINNER-PLATES. THIS SET WAS SOLD FOR £1050. (Diameter, 9½ ins.)



ONE OF A PAIR OF GEORGE I TWO-HANDLED CUPS AND COVERS WHICH FETCHED £2300: MADE BY NICHOLAS CLAUSEN IN 1719. (Height, 8½ ins.)



BY PAUL DE LAMERIE, 1742: A ROSEWATER EWER AND DISH WHICH CHANGED HANDS AT £2500. (Diameter of the dish, 29 ins.)



AN OUTSTANDING QUEEN ANNE SCONCE: ONE OF A PAIR MADE BY ANTHONY NELME IN 1704 WHICH FETCHED £2100. (Height, 13½ ins.)



ONE OF A PAIR OF LOUIS XIV SCONCES: THESE PIECES, MADE IN PARIS IN ABOUT 1680, WERE BOUGHT BY THE LOUVRE FOR £4600, THE TOP PRICE AT THIS SALE. (Height, 14½ ins.)



A FINE PIECE OF CHURCH PLATE: A JAMES I SILVER-GILT STEEPLE-CUP AND COVER WHICH FETCHED £750. (Height, 18 ins.)

There were 134 lots in the important sale of silver, which was held at Messrs. Christie's on June 27, bringing the large total of £33,734. Most of the items were old English silver, but the outstanding lot was the pair of Louis XIV sconces which were bought by the Louvre for £4600, and will thus return to France. These were included in the number of important pieces sent to this sale by Lieut.-Colonel A. Heywood-Lonsdale, of Shropshire. Of the

pieces illustrated on this page only three came from other properties. These are the George I two-handled cup and the George II dinner-plate, which were both sent in by Lord Bicester, and the James I silver-gilt steeple-cup, which was sold by order of the Rector and Churchwardens of St. Mary the Virgin, Yarlington, Somerset. This had been given to Yarlington Church by A. J. Rogers, who was Rector from 1876 to 1908.



## NEWS FROM RUSSIA AND GREECE.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA AND QUEEN SORAYA IN RUSSIA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THEIR VISIT TO MOSCOW'S PERMANENT AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION ON JUNE 26.

On June 25 the Shah of Persia and Queen Soraya arrived in Moscow, the Shah being the first reigning sovereign to visit Russia since the Revolution. The invitation is believed to indicate a Russian wish to detach Persia from the influence of the Baghdad Pact.



LEADERS OF THE AIR FORCES OF GREAT BRITAIN, AMERICA, FRANCE AND TURKEY, DURING THEIR RECENT VISIT TO STALINGRAD.

During the course of their visit to Russia for the Russian Air Display at Moscow on June 24, the leaders of the air forces of Great Britain, America, France and Turkey were flown to Stalingrad. Mr. Nigel Birch (bare head and dark glasses) can be seen, right.



PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF THE HELLENES, THE DIADOCH (OR HEIR APPARENT), WHO IS NOW SIXTEEN, BEING SWORN IN AS A MILITARY CADET IN ATHENS BY ARCHBISHOP DOROTHEOS. CADETS LINE THE WALLS OF THE ROOM, AS THE PRINCE (LEFT) STANDS WITH HIS HAND ON THE BOOK.

## A NOTABLE ART SALE IN GLASGOW.



(Above.)

ONE OF FIVE WORKS BY EUGENE BOUDIN WHICH FETCHED HIGH PRICES IN THE SALE OF PICTURES AT GLASGOW ON JUNE 29: "FLOTTILLE DE PECHE," CONTRIBUTED £4000 TO THE DAY'S TOTAL OF £35,805.



(Right.)

"FLEURS VARIEES," BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE, WHICH FETCHED £4300, THE SECOND HIGHEST PRICE OF THE DAY. MOST OF THE IMPORTANT WORKS IN THIS INTERESTING SALE CAME FROM THE ESTATE OF THE LATE MR. J. G. COUPER, OF AYRSHIRE.



"RUE DE VILLAGE," BY J. B. C. COROT, WHICH CHANGED HANDS FOR £4100. MANY OF THESE WORKS WERE BOUGHT BY LONDON DEALERS.

The tendency of very high prices for French paintings of the nineteenth century was maintained in the sale of pictures, principally from the collection of the late Mr. J. G. Couper, of Ayrshire, which was held in the auction rooms of Morrison, McClure and Co., of Glasgow, on June 29. Five paintings by Boudin contributed £14,950 to the day's total of £35,805. A London dealer paid the top price of the sale, £4700, for a small Boudin beach scene. A fine pastel drawing, "Le Bain," by Edgar Degas, fetched £3900. The three paintings illustrated on this page realised the other outstanding prices. A large and international gathering of art dealers crowded the sale room, but the majority of the important works were bought by London dealers.





FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: AN OUTSTANDING WORK BY NICOLAS POUSSIN WHICH IS TO BE AUCTIONED AT SOTHEBY'S, IN LONDON, ON JULY 11.

The outstanding work in the sale of old master drawings and paintings to be held at Messrs. Sotheby's on July 11 is this magnificent painting of *The Nativity* by Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665). Painted in about 1637, it is signed and measures 38½ by 29½ ins. It is the property of Jocelyn Beauchamp, Esq., of Langley Park, Norwich, and is expected to realise a very high price. It was once in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., and was exhibited

in the Royal Academy Exhibition of "Works by Old Masters" in 1880. The work of Nicolas Poussin is well represented in several collections, both public and private, in this country. This painting, which dates from towards the middle of Poussin's very productive career, is both beautifully composed and superbly painted in detail. The canvas is in excellent condition and is framed in a magnificently carved gilt frame of the Louis XV period.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## PERSONAL COLUMN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ALTHOUGH I had read Nigel Dennis's novel "Cards of Identity," I did not remember it clearly enough in detail to compare it with the author's own macabre comedy, the English Stage Company's last production of the season at the Royal Court.

In a sense, fortunate. A play should make its own impression, untroubled by memories of another medium. And yet, unfortunate too; by the end of the first act those unfamiliar with the novel, or hazy about it, needed help. I suspect that Mr. Dennis was unwise to try to claw and wrench his satire into a shape never destined for it. I do remember admiring in the book a complex Shakespearian pastiche. He had nothing of that kind in the theatre. Much of what we did get seemed to be misplaced, self-conscious. Wit was there, but the play listened too lovingly to its own voice.

It is all a hearty smack at psychiatry, a charade about the making of new personalities. How do you know you are really yourself? What you think is yourself may be a sketch in soft pencil that can be erased by a determined mind, and another identity, a firmly inked outline, substituted. Before you realise what has happened—in fact you may never know what has happened—you have a new past and a new present, and your future will take you on an unfamiliar road. It is so easy now in a world that seems to be without faith and roots. Beware! The members of the Identity Club may be just around the corner.

This club (as odd as Stevenson's Suicide Club, but, on the stage at least, less curiously credible) exists to experiment with personalities, identities. We are shown, in particular, how the ambitious Captain and two fellow-pioneers make a butler and housekeeper (with suitable pasts) of an ineffectual brother and sister; a land-girl out of a nurse (wittily touched off by Joan Plowright), and a dumb, driven gardener out of a doctor. The first act of intensive brain-washing, in which these things occur at the mansion of Hyde's Mortimer, is the quickest and funniest, though—and this is a sad defect—strangers to the book must find it obscure. There is no preparation; we have no time to tune ourselves in. The dramatist swoops us away at once into his crazy world.

After this, until the macabre end, the play becomes a chaotic affair, with such a charade within a charade as the anecdote of the Co-Wardens of the Badgeries, presented as a case-history before the international conference of identity-moulders. There are some mildly funny things here, including a burlesque of a B.B.C. commentary, revue-fashion, but the business drags and falters. It is much too long. What had clearly been an ingenious book becomes a mere huddle, a farrago, on the stage, and I hope that aspirants to the writers' theatre will not take "Cards of Identity" as a guide to playwriting. There are some books that should not be dramatised, and this, perhaps, is one. I found myself recalling that fine and, I fear, almost forgotten technician, Henry Arthur Jones (not, maybe, a name to mention at the Royal Court), who held that there could be no true or quite satisfactory transference of a novel to the stage. "A play must differ widely from the novel from which it is quarried, not only in the course of its action, but also in the necessary adjustments of each character to the action."

Not that "Cards of Identity"—its shapelessness is, presumably, deliberate—is without its amusing passages, though it is difficult to imagine them without the present cast. Michael Gwynn is richly protean as the Captain of the Identity Club who desires to unseat the President; and Joan Greenwood, in the hysteria that

deceives the doctor (doomed to a few days as a moronic gardener), reminds one of the raving fit of Dol Common in "The Alchemist." A distinguished colleague has invoked the shade of Jonson, and it may be a tribute to Mr. Dennis to say that now and then Jonson is certainly in the mind. (Cast



"A HAPPY SUMMER EXPERIENCE . . . ON A FINE NIGHT": "THE ROMANTICKS," IN THE OPEN AIR THEATRE IN REGENT'S PARK, SHOWING THE TWO LOVERS, SYLVETTE (ROSEMARY WALLACE) AND PERCINET (BERNARD BROWN). IT IS DIRECTED BY ROBERT ATKINS, WHO PLAYS BERGAMIN, FATHER OF PERCINET.



BACK TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN LONDON'S REGENT'S PARK: ROSTAND'S COMEDY "THE ROMANTICKS," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH PERCINET (BERNARD BROWN) APPEARS WITH SWORD IN HAND READY TO DO BATTLE AS SYLVETTE (ROSEMARY WALLACE), WHOM HE LOVES, IS ABDUCTED.

Captain Mallett as Face.) Even so, that redoubtable dramatist would have been ashamed, I think, to have produced so inchoate a play.

It will be much better if it is cut. The English Stage Company runs remorselessly to length, and

we were in the Royal Court Theatre round about three hours. The first thing I would cut would be a long, long speech (ten minutes, perhaps, though it appeared much longer) for the alcoholic priest, Golden Orfe. In the theatre this is an acute embarrassment, and George Devine has to struggle.

I would cut, too, a lot of the second act charade about the Co-Wardens of the Badgeries, even if here my mind did flash back gratefully to a once famous essay by "Q" (I hope the epithet "famous" is justified) that appeared in "The Speaker" nearly sixty years ago and was reprinted in "From a Cornish Window": I had it with me beside the Cornish sea only a few days ago. "Q" wrote a very solemn article indeed on what he called the Westminster Scutorium, alleged to be originally an offshoot of the College of Heralds. He established it in Dean's Yard, gave more or less exact directions how to get to it, furnished it with a Clerk of the Ribands and a *nomenclator*, and explained its recondite functions. One of these was to "fill up the blanks" in the Honours' Lists with people whose principal merit was that they did not exist, were shadow-shapes represented only in the Scutorium's collection of masks. Why? "Q" went into this in the gravest detail, even referring the reader to a pamphlet on "The Westminster Scutorium: its History and Present Uses," by J. Saxby Hine, C.B., F.S.A. The article itself was fully detailed:

... All the Stuarts set-store on the Scutorium and its functions; and I read in an historical pamphlet, by Mr. J. Saxby Hine, the late curator, that large apartments were allocated to the office in Inigo Jones's first designs for Whitehall. But its rosy prospects faded with the accession of William of Orange. Two years later the custody of the shields (from which it obtained its name) was relegated to the Heralds' College; and the Scutorium has now to be content with the care of its masks and the performance of some not unimportant duties presently to be recounted.

And so forth. It was not until long afterwards that "Q" found his essay, with its apparent "heap of historical information on the forms and ceremonies which accompany the granting of titles," had drawn crowds to Dean's Yard in search of the Scutorium, and had much harassed the local policeman. "Avoid irony as you would the plague," murmured "Q." No doubt he would have laughed at Mr. Dennis's current mocking at form and ceremony; but he might also have shaken a warning head.

Still, the Badgeries joke is only an incident in "Cards of Identity"; it might have been funnier to have had the Shakespearian parody. But the play, for this season at least, is presumably in its final form. It has been an odd summer at the Royal Court. For all the enthusiasm and fertility of ideas, the English Stage Company has produced only one true success, Arthur Miller's

"The Crucible," and the honour of bringing that to our stage belongs to the Bristol Old Vic. The Stage Company's new plays have been, I feel, unfortunate, though one did summon some unconsciously comic remarks by a zealot who doubted in print whether he could love anyone who did not wish to see "Look Back In Anger."

Never mind. We can look with some hope to the next season. Growing pains are inevitable, and the present plays at least stir argument which is good for the theatre. But I hope that next season the directors will not seek quite so hard to be "contemporary." That is not necessarily a sign of merit, and I am not persuaded, anyway, that the Royal Court has probed the feelings of 1936.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"ANYTHING MAY . . ." (Lyric, Hammersmith).—The Cambridge Footlights, who have done so well in recent years, with Jonathan Miller, seem oddly lost without him. It was unwise to bring this inferior revue to London, however witty it may have appeared on its home ground. We were able, at least, to discern hereditary talent in Dan Massey. (June 20.)

"THE ROMANTICKS" (Regent's Park).—Rostand's comedy, on a fine night in Regent's Park, is a happy summer experience. We are grateful to Robert Atkins. (June 25.)

"CARDS OF IDENTITY" (Royal Court).—I have written on this page of Nigel Dennis's adaptation of his novel, produced by Tony Richardson and acted with sharp appreciation. (June 26.)



# "SOLDIERS' LEISURE . . .": DANCE SCENES FROM THE SOVIET ARMY ENSEMBLE.



AMONG THE DANCE ITEMS IN THE SOVIET ARMY ENSEMBLE'S PROGRAMME AT EARLS COURT: ONE OF THE TYPICAL ACROBATIC FEATS OF THE "SOLDIERS' DANCE."



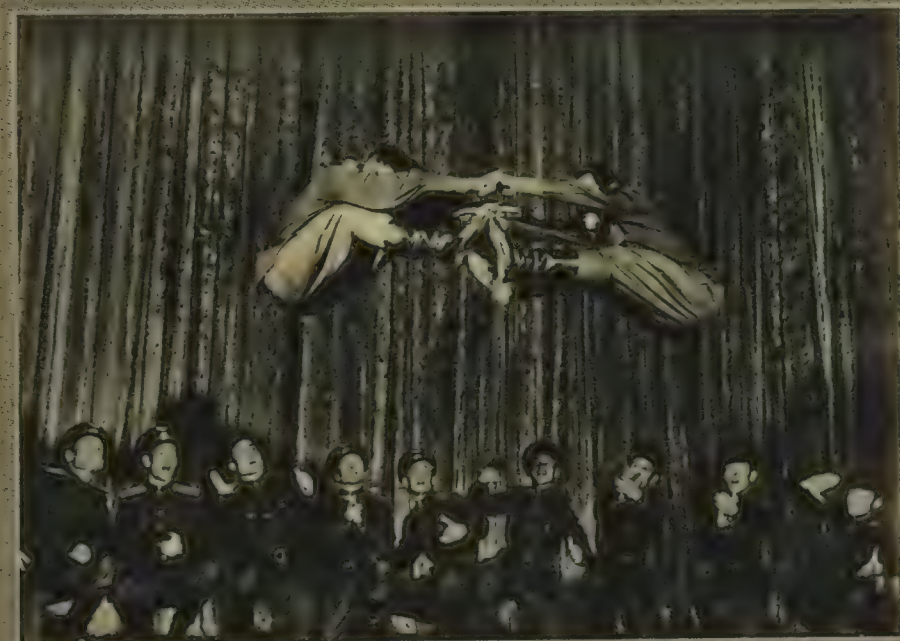
"LEISURE TIME"—IN THE SOVIET ARMY—A SCENE FROM THE SECOND PROGRAMME TO BE PRESENTED BY THE SOVIET ARMY ENSEMBLE IN THE EMPRESS HALL.



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "LEISURE TIME"—PERFORMED BY THE SOVIET ARMY, WHOSE IDEA OF ENJOYABLE LEISURE SEEMS TO COINCIDE WITH THAT OF MOST ARMIES.



JOIE DE VIVRE IN "LEISURE TIME": FOR THE MOST PART THE DANCE ENSEMBLES ARE BUILT AROUND A SERIES OF BRILLIANT CONTESTS OF SPEED AND AGILITY.



A FANTASTIC PAS DE DEUX IN THE "SOLDIERS' DANCE," WHICH IS A CONTEST BETWEEN TWO GROUPS OF MEN WHO CALL UP REINFORCEMENTS AND VIE WITH EACH OTHER.



A MIXED PAS DE DEUX IN "LEISURE TIME": IN GENERAL, THE GIRL DANCERS ARE INFERIOR TO THE MEN AND USUALLY ACT AS ADMIRING SPECTATORS TO THEM.

On June 28 the Soviet Army Ensemble—a 200-strong group of musicians, singers and dancers—began a season which is to close on August 29, at the Empress Hall, Earls Court, in association with the Soviet Relations Committee of the British Council. The programme changes completely each week and is given nightly at 8.15, except for Thursdays and Sundays, with a Saturday 5 p.m. matinée. The chief feature of the programme is the choral and solo singing by men's voices in Russian folk and modern songs,

a few classical numbers, generally operatic, and in each programme a few songs sung in English, the programme closing in "Auld Lang Syne" in the Doric with the traditional linked-hands finale. The soloists were excellent, including one of the deepest of basses and a baritone, A. Eizen, who sang "Oh, No, John!" in English with a diction which should shame most native performers. The dances, four items to each performance, are the usual Russian male folk dances, performed with dazzling agility and brio.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WE are told constantly that international understanding is a good idea. Some of us have also been told that comparisons are odious. For that reason, we may feel a country is best exhibited by its native sons, who can advertise it unawares, and without side-glances at the inferior being of other people. It is perhaps as well that Australian novelists are so good at this, for nowadays they have a parlous convert to carry off. No one can be ignorant that Mr. Nevil Shute has changed skies; and *Beyond the Black Stump* (Heinemann; 15s.) turns out to be a fresh example of publicity by comparison. Only there is now a change of target. Mr. Shute has left his own country for dead, and taken on America in the person of an impeccable young geologist named Stanton Laird. In Hazel, Oregon, nobody has any vices, or, at any rate, they don't show. On home ground, nobody even takes a drink. And Stanton would adhere to orange-juice and coca-cola at the world's end—because of the way he lived as a schoolboy, and its horrible upshot when he was sixteen. For there are queer goings-on in Hazel, especially among the very young. But Stanton honestly feels they don't count. Hazel has all the right ideas; it is the loveliest and finest little town in the best state in the best country. . . .

Actually he has seen nothing else, except the deserts of Arabia and suchlike oil outposts. But now he is moved to West Australia. He forms an eye-opening acquaintance with the Regans, who own a much, much bigger farm than Oregon ever heard of, and drink rum by the barrel, and include a swarm of half-castes. . . . Nevertheless, the young Regans are brilliantly intelligent, and superbly educated by a personal hanger-on who once taught at Eton. Hazel is philistine by comparison. And it is pseudo-frontier, while "the Lunatic" is real frontier. But to Mollie Regan, it appears as a fairyland of gadgets and "gracious living"; and she allows her affections to be seduced from a Pommy neighbour by the *Saturday Evening Post*. Till she had had a go of fairyland. . . .

This writer creates the most tepid love-affairs in fiction, and Mollie Regan is another of his head-prefect types. As for her culture—apparently she has never heard of "The Shropshire Lad." Her father, the G.O.M. of the Lunatic, is stage Irish . . . and so on. However, it is an eminently readable book. For we have still the conflicting ways of life—the odious comparisons which are decidedly the best part.

## OTHER FICTION.

"My Old Man's a Dustman," by Wolf Mankowitz (Andre Deutsch; 10s. 6d.), translates us to a squalid and ebullient Cloudecockooland. It would be in sharp contrast to almost anything; but while Mr. Shute has no style to speak of, this Cockney extravaganza, or burlesque epic, or whatever you like to call it, has practically nothing else. The outrageous Old Cock is watchman on a rubbish-tip—"the lowest grade temporary non-pensionable Civil Servant ever devised by this or any other council." Further, he is an unsavoury and loquacious remnant of the First War. Whereas his silent little *alter ego* was produced by the bomb on Roman Road, and named after an A.R.P. tunic. Arp is as near as possible nobody. Yet he makes an inspired rubbish-picker; and the two of them would be snug enough if it were not for black-hearted Mr. Bates, the Council's inspector, who finds the Old Cock stick in his gullet "like an old toe-rag baked in a pie," and has been insisting on him as "a ripe old candidate for the dreaded redundancy stakes. . . ."

But it is really no use quoting. The effect piles up, and takes one's breath away. Funny it is; but it is even richer than funny.

"Spring List," by Ralph Arnold (John Murray; 10s. 6d.), should have three stars for amusing niceness. It is a publishers' comedy. Arthur's long-lost, and subsequently much-married playmate Diana Flowers, who was almost illiterate when he knew her, has surprisingly written a detective story. And it is not bad. And if only her husband would write his war memoirs, that would be terrific. . . . An eminently neat, gay little plot; but the tale is just as amusing before it starts, while Arthur is feeling drab and put-upon, or painfully making up his advertisement for the *Sunday Times*. Witty, and charming, too.

"One for the Road," by W. J. White (Cape; 13s. 6d.), has a Dublin wartime setting (but no politics). After a house-warming party, the narrator, a young business man, wakes up in hospital with acute alcoholic poisoning, which he (but no one else) has reason to think was attempted murder. If so, by his wife or some close friend. At first he meant to confide in Iris; he meant to tell his partner. . . . Instead, he picks on one suspect after another—each time convinced, till the premises break down and he has to start again. Gerald was never a very admirable young man; moreover, he is still under shock, and there is plenty to drink in neutral Eire. Of course he gets more and more unbalanced. . . . The end is very grim and ambiguous; and all in all, this is the most uncomfortable crime story I have read for ages. Uncomfortable in the best sense, with a distinguished real-life atmosphere, and very well written.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE English Counties' Championship has been competed for annually, with breaks only for the war years, since 1908. Middlesex won it the first three years, have won it more often than all the other counties put together, and comfortably dispatched Warwickshire by 16-8 on June 23.

Chess notoriously flourishes at its best in packed centres of population, where enough keen players can polish their wits against each other.

In isolated places, one occasionally finds an extremely strong player whose skill has developed by hard study and postal play. How good a substitute this is, has been revealed more than once when a player, appearing out of nowhere, has done well in the British Championship. Whenever this has happened, however, he has "cracked" sooner or later and old campaigners, more experienced in humdrum practical play, whom he has bedazzled in the earlier rounds, have overtaken him in the later ones. One outstanding instance of this comes to mind, a player whom I shall not be so unkind as to name, who had distinguished himself in postal play. In the British Championship he won his first three games and led the field. Then he lost his remaining eight games in a row, to finish bottom!

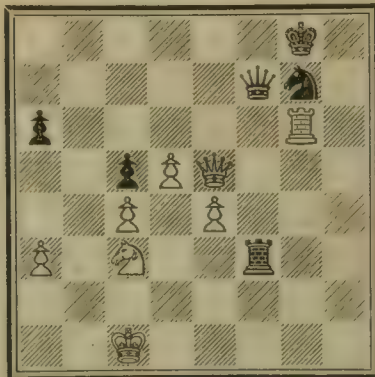
Many cricketers relax at golf. Some chess players (Keres outstandingly) clear the cobwebs by playing tennis. Kottbauer swims.

In the last resort, however, there is no better way of improving your game than by endless practice. Not even international postal chess is as good practice for straight chess as straight chess itself. And for plenty of practice, you must have population. That is the reason for Middlesex's domination.

It was rather magnanimous on the part of A. F. Stammwitz, Hon. Secretary of the British Chess Federation and himself a Middlesex man, to confess that he would prefer to see the whole system of the counties chess championship changed. A carefully worked-out zonal contest would provide more even contests. The county divisions of England form an extremely poor basis for competition of any kind; it is amazing that county cricket retains the appeal it does; and in chess, the weaker counties cannot reduce the discrepancies by enrolling gifted West Indians, Australians, Pakistanis and Bantus to bolster their teams! That county divisions have an undoubted appeal to sentiment, tradition and in some ways geography, I would not deny.

My own game had an infuriating finale. With one more move to make before the call of time, and twenty minutes in which to make it, I played (in the diagrammed position) 40. R×P?

H. ISRAEL (Black).



B. H. WOOD (White).

I had seen that 40. . . R-B8ch; 41. Kt-Q1, Q-B6; 42. R-R8ch, K-R2; 43. Q-R2ch wins for White. I had seen that after the desperate 41. . . R×Ktch; 42. K×R, Q-B8ch, White can manoeuvre his king to QR2 and interpose his queen on QKt2, but I had not seen that Black can still check perpetually all the same.

So—bye-bye, win! Drawn game!

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## INTERESTING ANIMALS; CANNIBALS; AND SAILING THE ATLANTIC.

ON a December day in 1938, a trawler docked at the Port of East London, in South Africa. The trawler skipper, as the result of catching the infectious enthusiasm of Miss M. Courtenay-Latimer, the Curator of the East London Museum (total grants £700, to include salaries, equipment, postage, everything), had got into the habit of putting on one side fish which he thought might be of interest to the eager young scientist. Among the fish which he thus kept for her were 2 tons of sharks and an extraordinary creature, some 5 ft. long, 170 lb. in weight, blue in colour, but with fins which, as the trawler captain pointed out, looked like arms, so that, indeed, it resembled a big lizard. The trawler man said that it had been a lovely blue when first taken from the water, but had been a vicious brute which had nearly taken off his hand with one of its snaps. It was intensely ugly, looking like an old man of the sea—which, indeed, it was. That is to say, the coelacanth (for that is what it turned out to be) was, as Mr. J. L. B. Smith says in "Old Fourlegs: The Story of the Coelacanth" (Longmans; 21s.), one of our direct ancestors. The exciting thing about the coelacanth was that it had been confidently assumed to have become extinct at least 50,000,000 years ago, along with the Rhipidistia, its co-ancestor of land animals. There then, giving off in the hot sun the unusually unpleasant smell peculiar to the coelacanth, was this incredible survival of the past. Mr. Smith, South Africa's leading ichthyologist, then took a hand in the game, determined, if it were possible, to find other specimens. He brushes aside (and to the layman his reasoning seems sound) the idea that the coelacanth has survived in the extreme depths, for, as he points out, the original coelacanth was trawled at eighty fathoms and the denizens of the inky blackness of the deep ocean, so far from being blue are black, and so far from being heavily armoured, are soft and often transparent. The coelacanth, which has survived 30,000,000 generations, had yielded seven more specimens up to July 1955, most of them taken by the French off the remote Comoro archipelago. Included in this number was an egg-bearing female, whose eggs apparently tasted like hens' eggs. This ugly but tough old man of the sea has, to my joy, made fools of the scientists again. Indeed, what with the Piltdown Man and the coelacanth, one is almost sorry for these oedogmatic monopolists of "knowledge." Mr. Smith's book tells a fascinating story extremely well.

Dr. Burton's new book, "Infancy in Animals" (Hutchinson; 18s.), a complement to his "Animal Courtship" and "When Dumb Animals Talk," is bound to prove popular with the general reader with an interest in scientific matters. As he says: "the young animal is always attractive. Not only the young animals themselves, but also photographs or drawings are an irresistible snare for the emotions of most people."

Dr. Burton takes specific cases from his own observation, such as the brood of yellow-hammers which nested near the boat, on the Oxford Canal, where he was holiday-making, and uses such particular instances to write discursively and fascinatingly on the general. Where there is so much of interest, including photographs and line drawings of unusual excellence, it is invidious to select. I must confess, however, to a sneaking preference for the delightful descriptions of animals at play. I have always liked dolphins, and the descriptions of those charming mammals nipping fishes to make them swim in order to chase them, tweaking sharks' tails, or up-ending turtles, are wholly delightful.

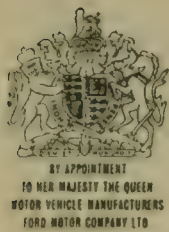
Years ago I met an elderly missionary who was describing how, to his horror, he had inadvertently been a cannibal. In many parts of the world, notably, for example, the hinterland of the Negro republic of Liberia, cannibalism still lingers on, though it is becoming increasingly rare. The famous Danish explorer Jens Bjerre, in "The Last Cannibals" (Michael Joseph; 21s.), describes the aborigines of Central Australia and New Guinea, among whom cannibalism still exists. This is a most serious, well-written and valuable anthropological study. The Kukukuku and the Kumans of New Guinea are some of the most curious of the primitive tribes still to be found in their natural state in the modern

world. The former apparently are always prepared to fight either among themselves or against neighbouring tribes. The reason is simple: battles mean casualties, and casualties mean a jolly good tuck-in. As Hr. Bjerre says in his caption to one of his photographs, it is difficult to believe that such charming people could be cannibals, but cannibals they are. Their habit of kippering the corpses of their dead is not their most endearing.

I find that I have left myself too little space to do justice to a pleasant and exciting book by Ann Davison. This, entitled "My Ship Is So Small" (Peter Davies; 16s.), is the description of the first voyage made from England to America by a woman alone. Her yacht, the *Felicity Ann*, was only 23 ft. long, but the voyage was triumphantly accomplished, and the tale is excellently told.

E. D. O'BRIEN.





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## THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

### CAR OF THE MONTH: THE NEW ZEPHYR.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS-CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

WHEN a new model of a car that has enjoyed a run of popularity for five or six years is introduced, it is bound to be compared with its predecessors. A case in point is the new *Zephyr*, which the Ford Motor Company recently launched as one of "The Three Graces," the other two being the new *Consul* and the new *Zodiac*.

In appearance and performance the new model shows unmistakably the progress that has been made since the previous *Zephyr* was introduced in 1950. It has long, low, well-balanced lines running through from the headlamp cowl in the front wing-tips to the finned extremity of the rear wings, and being emphasised by a narrow chromium-plated moulding. Both screen and rear window have a pronounced wrap-round, giving the driver such excellent visibility ahead and astern that he can see the four tips of the wings. The re-styled radiator grille and wrap-round bumpers are well proportioned and add to the distinctive appearance.

The four-door, four-light, integrally-constructed body comfortably accommodates six persons, and the seating falls well within the wheelbase, so that an improved weight distribution is obtained, with a consequent gain in road-holding. Whereas the previous model was somewhat light at the rear, demanding some restraint in cornering, the new *Zephyr* is altogether more stable and engenders in the driver a feeling of confidence in all road conditions.

It is both larger and more powerful than its predecessor; wheelbase and track have each been increased by 3 ins., and overall the car is 3 ins. wider and 6 ins. longer. Despite its larger size it is only approximately 1½ cwt. heavier, weighing unladen about 24 cwt., but performance has not suffered, and has, indeed, been enhanced, because the engine capacity has been increased to just over 2.5 litres and the power output of 86 b.h.p. represents an increase of 18 b.h.p. Accordingly, the car has a high power-weight ratio, so that a final drive ratio of 3.9 to 1 is provided in place of the previous 4.4 to 1. Additionally, the car may be fitted with the Borg-Warner overdrive unit as an optional extra, this giving an overdrive top-gear ratio of 2.73 to 1.

One expects a high m.p.g. figure to be obtainable when due use is made of these high normal-top and overdrive-top gears. Such proved to be the case; the consumption of premium grade fuel, which the 7.8 to 1 compression ratio of the oversquare engine (82.55 by 79.55 mm.) necessitates, varied from 20 m.p.g. in fast driving over give-and-take roads requiring good use of second gear, to 30 m.p.g. at a more gentle pace using overdrive and normal top. On these two high ratios the car can be driven with perfect ease, for the overdrive cuts in automatically at 32 m.p.h. when the throttle is fully released for a moment, and it cuts out automatically when the speed drops to 27 m.p.h. Should the driver need the acceleration of normal top gear he has a "kick-down" change available merely by depressing the accelerator fully.

The overdrive is also under the driver's control in that he may lock it out, i.e., render it inoperative, by pulling out a handle beneath the dash. This is desirable in hilly country, because the overdrive unit incorporates a free wheel which comes into action when the road speed falls below 27 m.p.h., so that there is then no engine braking effect. Some care in locking out the overdrive is necessary; it should be done when the road speed is below 27 m.p.h., or at higher speeds by pressing the accelerator hard down whilst operating the pull-out control.

As the overdrive is also operative on second gear the car has five forward ratios. Its acceleration can therefore be extremely vivid if the driver wishes, and uses the gears to produce the best results. As is customary, there is little difference in maximum speed between normal top and overdrive top, both giving about 85 m.p.h., but overdrive second with a ratio of 4.49 to 1 offers a possible 75 m.p.h., normal second of 6.40 to 1 a possible 46 m.p.h., and first gear of 11.08 to 1 a possible maximum of 30 m.p.h.

With such a range of gear ratios and speeds available the new *Zephyr* might well have been named the *Tornado*, but, unlike that manifestation of nature, it is always under control. In keeping with its enhanced engine power are larger and more powerful brakes, hydraulically operated and with two leading shoes in front, and its greatly improved road-holding allows them to be used to the full in emergency. The steering, too, is light and accurate, almost neutral, but with just sufficient under-steer for stability. Despite large-section tyres, 6.40 ins., on 13-in. wheels, the steering is not heavy in manoeuvring. Tyres may be tubeless or conventional at option.

The suspension system deals adequately with a wide variation in load, from one up to six up. It is perhaps a little on the soft side for a full load, but it rides indifferent surfaces very comfortably and without noticeable roll. From the driver's point of view the car handles well, for the controls are conveniently placed, with the possible exception that the pendant pedals for clutch and brake are a little high off the floor for a person with small feet. The steering column gear-change is good of its type, and is spring-loaded to the lower plane which gives second and top gears. Instruments and warning lights are located in front of the driver, the speedometer being hooded in order to avoid reflections in the screen. The dished 17-in. steering wheel carries a horn ring, and a finger-tip lever beneath it on the right side controls the flashing light indicators.

In its interior appointments the new *Zephyr* leaves little to be desired. The wide doors give easy access to front and rear seats and carry elbow-rests. The rear seat has a wide folding centre arm-rest, and a similar arm-rest for the bench-type front seat would be a welcome refinement. The easy adjustment of the seat by a central control lever merits mention, and the fascia locker with a useful parcel shelf beneath it are good points.

A slight criticism is that on the car tested the light-coloured trim of the fascia top was reflected in the screen. This caused no loss of visibility, but in bright sunlight it proved tiring to the eyes. The slender pillars of the screen, which are brought well back towards the driver, cause no obstruction to vision.

The boot provides 20 cu. ft. of luggage space and also houses the spare wheel. Its lid is counter-balanced for easy opening, as is the bonnet top. The rear number-plate hinges down to disclose the fuel tank filler cap, centrally placed for easy access from either side.

The car tested was equipped with the special heater and radio, developed for it as optional extras.

#### MOTORING NOTES.

Two new publications of the Michelin Touring Service will interest many of the thousands of British tourists who will be taking Continental holidays during the coming weeks. One of these is a "Guide to Northern Italy," which is a companion volume, although a much slimmer one, to the famous "Guide to France," with up-to-date information on hotels, restaurants and places of interest, together with maps and town plans. The second is a new map giving the main roads of Southern Europe, including France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Yugoslavia and Italy. This is a companion to the map for Northern Europe.

A new Customs document for motorists taking their cars abroad is known as a "Triptyque for a single journey," and may be obtained from the R.A.C., the A.A. and the R.S.A.C. at a cost of 6s. This document is valid for a single journey only, and, unlike the more comprehensive carnet, permits the holder to enter and leave one country on one occasion only.

Certified trials of a Standard Family "Ten" Saloon and a Standard Family



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"Eight" Saloon were recently carried out by the R.A.C., the purpose being to ascertain the fuel consumption when operated under owner-driver conditions. The two cars were selected at random and run in under constant supervision before the trials took place. Each trial consisted of a journey from London to Penzance and return, a distance of 578 miles. The fuel used was B.P. Super, purchased at pumps selected by the R.A.C. observer, and the fuel consumption proved to be 41.84 m.p.g. for the "Ten," and for the "Eight," 46.26 m.p.g.

The announcement of a new grade of fuel of 100 octane rating is important, because it will allow British manufacturers to compete with U.S. products on more even terms as regards specific power outputs.





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With conventional oils quite a considerable amount of your engine's power is wasted in overcoming oil drag. This is most marked when the engine is warming up. BP Energol 'Visco-static' reduces oil drag and so saves petrol. It is a multigrade oil which remains free-flowing even in freezing cold. As a result your engine starts easier, runs more freely and gives greater power.

On petrol saving alone, BP Energol 'Visco-static' more than repays its extra cost. But even more important is the way it reduces wear.

Tests with the new radio-active wear detector have proved that BP Energol 'Visco-static' reduces engine wear by 80%. Under normal driving conditions you can expect at least double the mileage from your engine before an overhaul is necessary.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is for use all the year round in all 4-stroke petrol engines in good condition where grades SAE 10W to SAE 40 are normally recommended.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield, in pint, quart and 1 gallon sealed containers.

**Going Abroad?** BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil is available in all countries of Western Europe except Spain

## Do's and Don'ts with B.P. Energol 'Visco-static'

Don't mix it with other oils.

Drain and refill with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. If you have been using a non-detergent oil you should run 500 miles then drain and refill again.

Don't change to BP Energol 'Visco-static' if your engine will shortly need an overhaul. In such cases you should continue to use the normal grades of BP Energol until it has been overhauled.

## 12½% petrol saving by this motorist

Mr. P. Ross of Hull runs a Ford Popular. He writes, "Since purchasing the car I have kept an accurate log of M.P.G. and my observations are as follows. Before using BP Energol 'Visco-static' I averaged 32½ m.p.g., and since the change-over I have averaged 36½ m.p.g., an increase of approximately 12½%."



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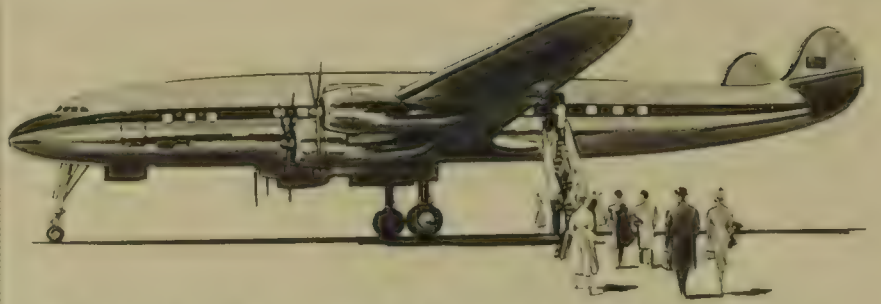
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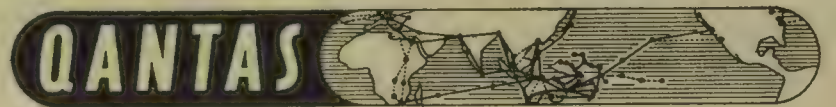


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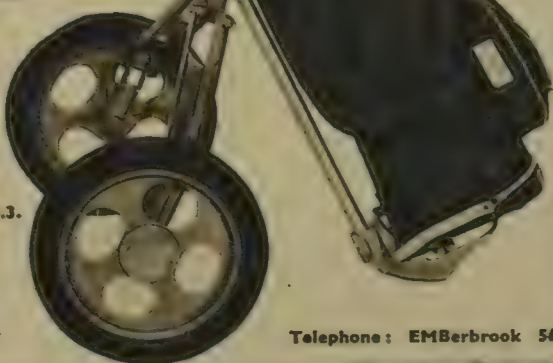
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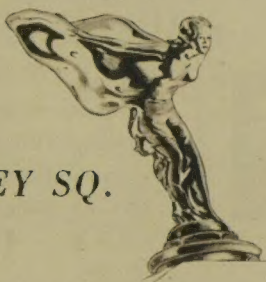




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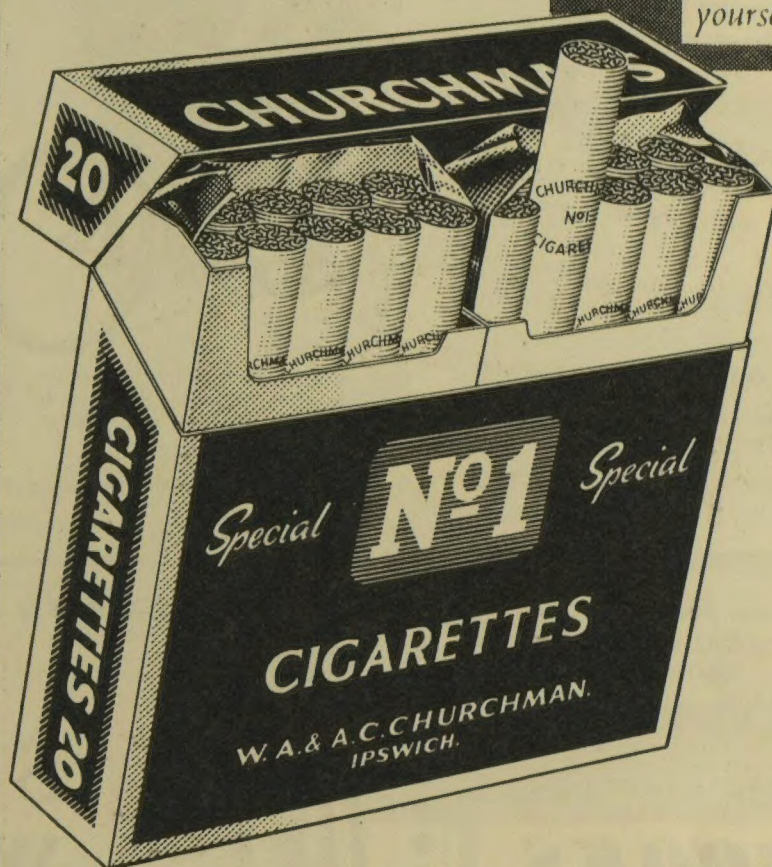
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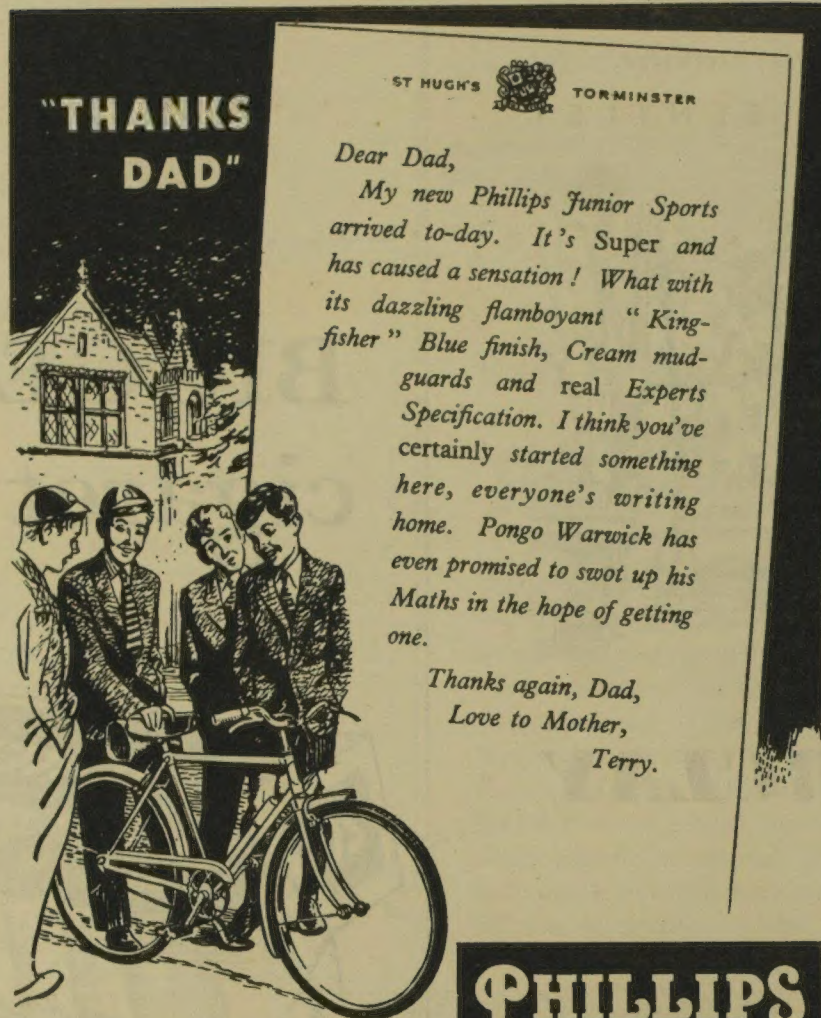
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## EUROPE in PERSchweptive

To see Greece in its true Perschweptive, we recommend our two, not ONE day tour. Enjoy the armchair comfort of your "Duxdown" seat as you relax in luxurious CLASSICAR, Day One, to Athens, with many distant glimpses of the ★azure sea (for *wine-dark* sea use opening f4.5 and colour filter 6N). This will leave plenty of time for the ★★★Parthenon. Note difference between Tympanum, Akroterion and the Celta (Σητός) or sanctuary proper. [HIST: The sculptures, crowning glory of this ancient temple, are of course British, being the Elgin marbles.] In the Museum (H4 on map) is a picture of the ★Explosion when the Parthenon was blown up, owing to the Turks. At hours 1400 tourists are allowed to disperse and may go for a little walk by themselves (for "independent study" see brochure). At hours 1500



we walk along the street past the chemist's shop (περιχημίας) and hear actual Greek people actually talking actual Greek.

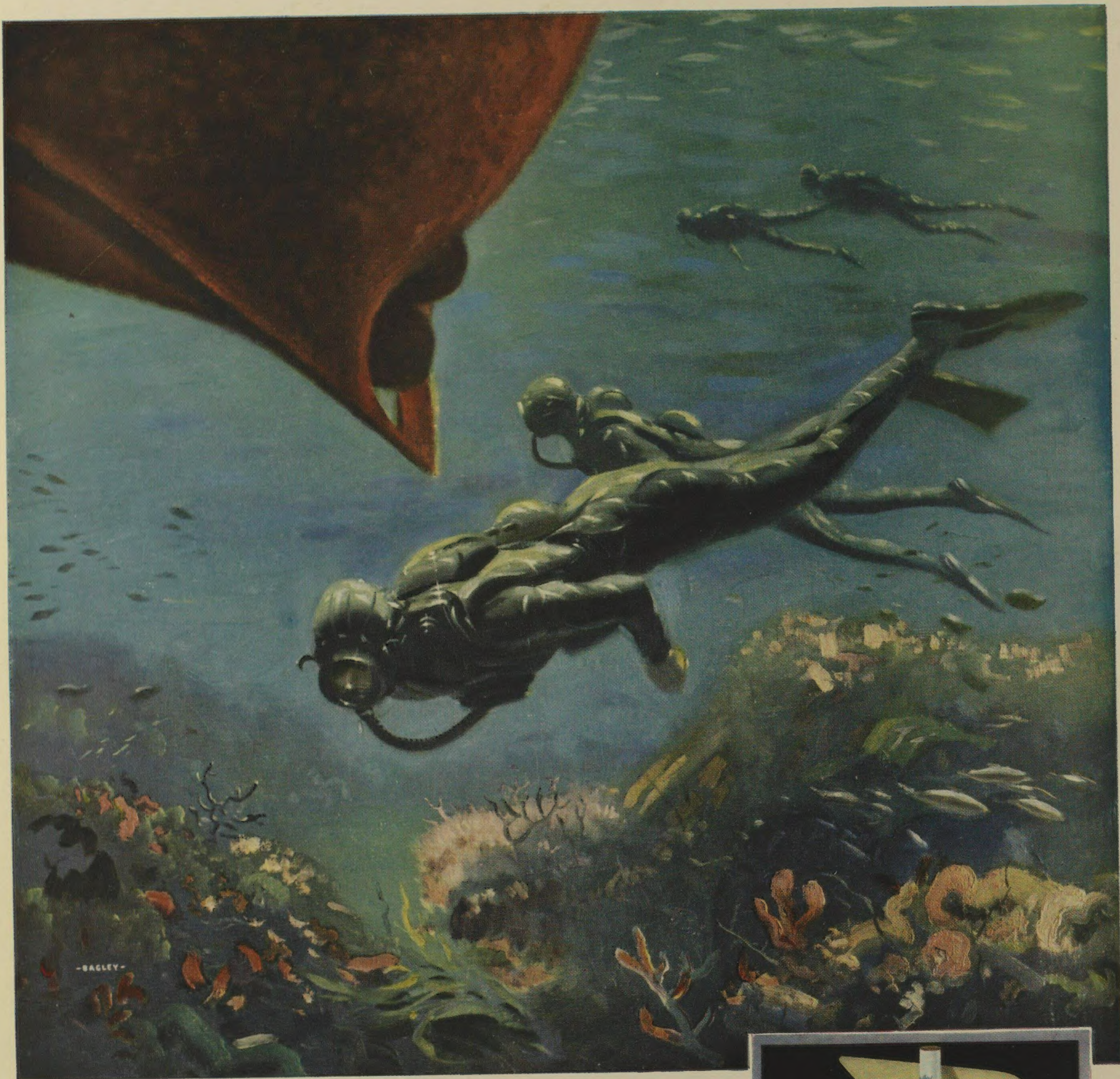
DAY TWO (Environs) includes a special half-day excursion to MARATHON (40 mins.: optional). On I. (Leros) see ★Mound of earth (38½ ft. high, 198 ft. in circf., wt. approx. 18 tns. 12 lbs.) near which Ld. Byron took his viewpoint ("The isles of G., the isles of G." If moonlight effect preferred for "all, excpt: their sun is set", use Minifilm 8 and 1/50th at f32). For rest of tour, in this most glorious country, a "Glareprufe" lens hood is recommended for photographers, not only to avoid the full Mediterranean ★sun, but also to prevent the intrusion into the picture of the chance dirty factory, the inappropriate advertisement on the picturesque wall, and the occasional tremendously old goat.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

THEY MUST HAVE HAD A WORD FOR SCHWEPPERVESCENCE



# LOOKING IN ON THE NAVY NO. 2



## MEN UNDERWATER



**T**HE duties of a Royal Naval clearance diver, or "Frogman" as he is often called, defy neat tabulation. Only two things he knows for certain. He will be working somewhere between the surface and a depth of 180 ft. and he may have to stay under water for periods up to 90 mins. It may be a fouled screw that needs to be cleared, a wreck to be raised, or an exercise in attaching limpet mines to a ship's hull below the water-line.

By virtue of his job a "Frogman" must not only satisfy the Admiralty that he has exceptional stamina and moral courage: he must also pass through 20 weeks of some of the severest training the Royal Navy has to offer.

